

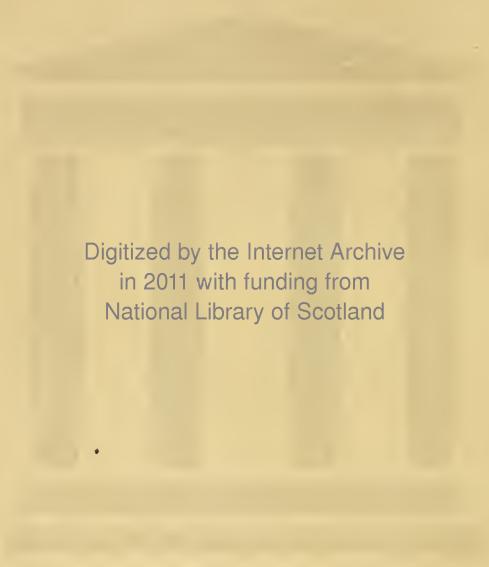
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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
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Mr. Simpson

— Frontispiece. —



• *APOLLO* and the *MUSES*.

THE
Musical Miscellany;
a

SELECT COLLECTION

of the

most approved

Scots, English, & Irish

S O N O G S,

set to Music.



PERTH:

Printed by J. Brown.

MDCCLXXXVI.



J. H. Anderson
THE
MUSICAL MISCELLANY:

A
SELECT COLLECTION

OF
SCOTS, ENGLISH AND IRISH

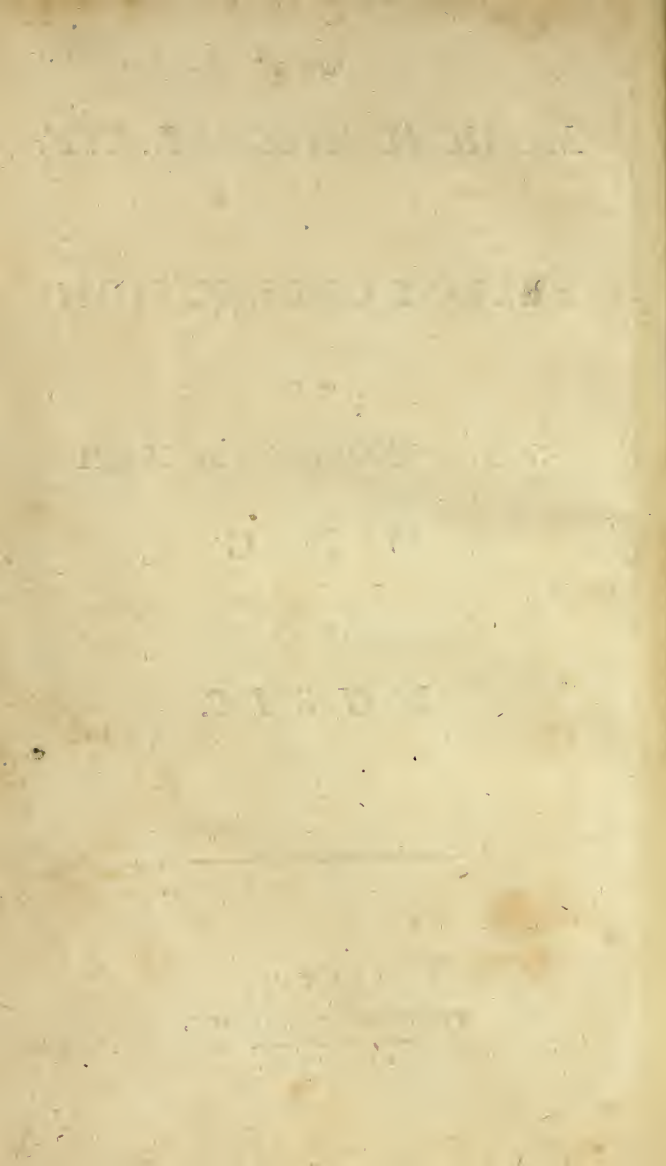
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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Editors of the following Compilation, unwilling to amuse the Public with an empty harangue, or a gaudy apparatus of words, by way of introduction to their Book; only beg leave to make the following observations :——

Since time immemorial, it has been allowed, that Music has always been esteemed an ancient and powerful Science.

We are informed, from Heathen Mythology, that Music was invented by Apollo, who was styled the God of Wisdom.

——*Per me concordant carmina nervis.*

OWDI METAM.

How music was cultivated in those early ages, impartial history alone can tell. Suffice it to say, that this elevating Science had it's patrons, and proficients, in most ages and nations. And it is with pleasure we observe, that this celestial progeny has still it's abettors in our own country. The public attention paid by many Gentlemen of Scotland, to this polite and very necessary part of education, is at once patriotic and laudable.

The Publishers of the following sheets, look forward to that Golden Era, when, they trust, that *Music* shall not only attract the attention of superior minds, but when *it* shall acquire that universal estimation, that a *Science* so sublime, richly deserves.

With a sincere view to promote this end, the following Collection of Songs, set to Music, is, with all submission, offered to the *Public*. The Selectors of this Work, humbly ima-

gine, they may without the least shadow of vanity, aver, that *it* is the first Publication of the kind, ever attempted in *Scotland*.—The arrangement of the Words, as well as the Music, has been studied with the greatest attention; and being designed for the entertainment both of *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, the strictest care has been taken, to avoid *indelicacy*.

Besides a great number of modern Songs of real humour and taste, there are also inserted, a great variety of the most beautiful Scots *Airs*, to many of which, the *Basses* are added.

How far the Editors of this Work, have been successful in the Selection they have made, Time and a candid Public, only must determine.

Let it only be observed in one word, that the *influence* of *Music* over the *human mind*, is fully evinced, by the Prince of Latin poetry.—*Virgil*,

in his inimitable Eclogue, called *Silenus*, where, introducing Chromis and Mnasyllus, two youthful swains, finding Silenus asleep in his cave, (often the Sire had amused them, with the promise of a song) and, in order to make him perform his engagement, they bind him with his own wreaths. He awaking, and smiling at the trick, says, Why these bonds? Loose me, ye swains, and hear the song which you desire:—

*Tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.*

ECL. vi. l. 27.

*Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.*

DRYDEN.

MARCH 26. 1785. }
1785. }

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THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

SONG I.

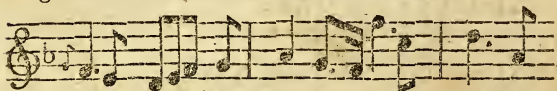
DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.



When trees did bud, and fields were



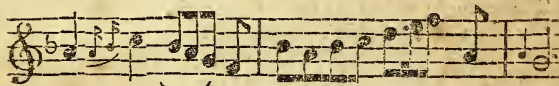
green, And broom bloom'd fair to see; When



Mary was complete fifteen, And love laugh'd



in her ee': Blyth Davie's blinks her



heart did move, To speak her mind thus free;



Gang down the burn, Davie love, And I will



fol - - - low thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her ee'n were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

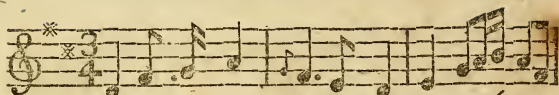
What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And nothing, sure, unmeet!
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her;
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more ashamed to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

SONG II.

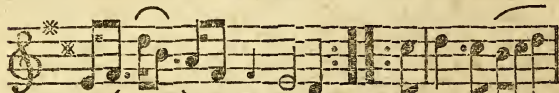
I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



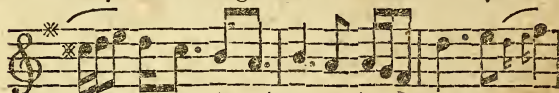
One day I heard Mary say, How shall I



leave thee. Stay dearest Ado - nis, stay,



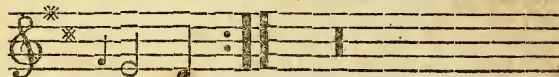
Why wilt thou grieve me. A - las my fond



heart will break, If thou should leave me, I'll



live and die for thy sake, Yet ne - - ver



leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee.
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee.

A ij

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me ;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee.
Can Mary thy anguish soothe.
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee.
O ! that thought makes me sad ;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly ;
Why does he grieve me.
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

SONG III.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.



The last time I came o'er the muir, I



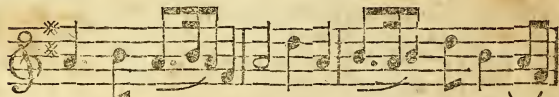
left my love be-hind me; Ye pow'rs, what pain do



I endure, When soft i-de-as mind me.



Soon as the ruddy morn display'd, The



beaming day ensuing, I met betimes my



lovely maid, In fit re-treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chasteely sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

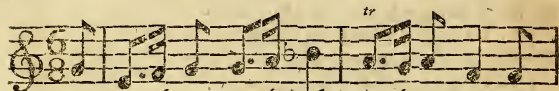
Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me ;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps to cover ;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

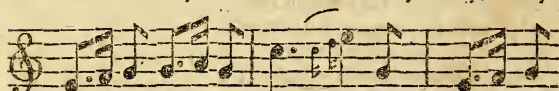
The next time I gang o'er the muir.
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
'Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
'There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG IV.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.



O Bef - fy Bell and Mary Gray, They



war' twa bonny laf - fes, They bigg'd a



bow'r on yon burn brae, And theek'd it o'er wi'



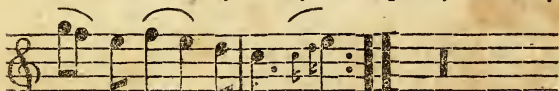
ra - - shes. Fair Bef - - fy Bell I



loo'd yestreen, And thought I ne'er cou'd



alter; But Mary Gray's twa pawky een, They



gar my fan - cy fal - ter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O vow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

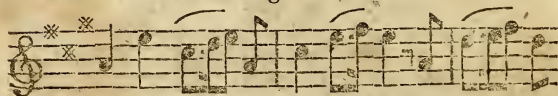
Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

SONG V.

FOR LAKE OF GOLD.



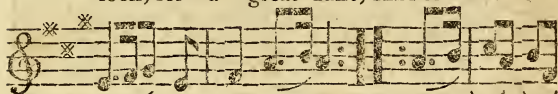
For lake of gold she's left me O! And of



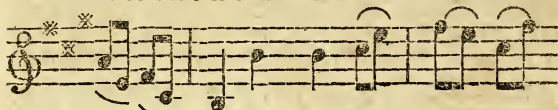
all that's dear be - rest me O! She me for-



look, for a great duke, And to endless



woe she's left me O! A star and



gar - ter has more art, Than youth, a



true and faithful heart, for emp - ty



ti - tles we must part, And for glitt'ring

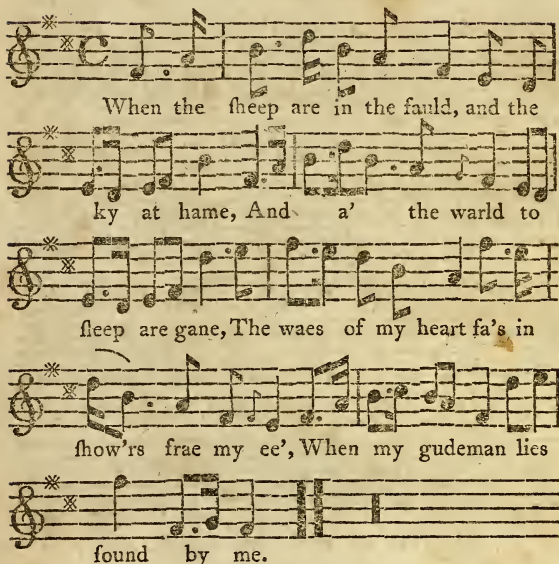


show she's left me O!

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Give up my charming lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
'Tho' she's for ever left me.

SONG VI.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.



When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
 ky at hame, And a' the warld to
 sleep are gane, The waes of my heart fa's in
 show'rs frae my ee', When my gudeman lies
 found by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he fought me for his
 bride,
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside ;
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna' been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown'n
 awa' ;
 My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna' wirk, and my mither cou'dna' spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna' win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee',
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said na', I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck ;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jenny die,
And why do I live to cry, *Waes me!*

Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,
She look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break ;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

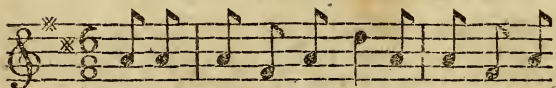
I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting fae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wreath, but didna' think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away ;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, *Waes me!*

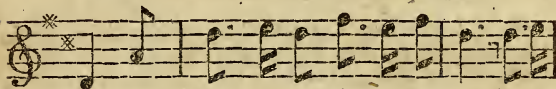
I gang like a ghaist, and carena' to spin,
I darena' think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;
But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

SONG VII.

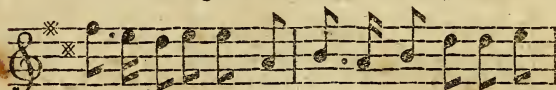
THE VICAR AND MOSES.



At the sign of the horse, old Spintext of



course, Each night took his pipe and his pot, O'er a



jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy, Was



plac'd this canonical fot. *Tol de rol de rol*



ti - dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clark,
With reverence due and submission;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg look, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?

Why Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay:

You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,

A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child

Cannot long delay your intentions;

Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is small,

Can never enlarge it's dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,

I hate to be call'd from my liquor:

Come, Moses, The King, 'tis a scandalous thing,

Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir 'tis past twelve o'clock,

Besides there's a terrible shower;

Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,

I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,

Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,

That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,

But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir the clock has struck one,

Pray master look up at the hand;

Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press

A man for to go that can't stand.

At length, hat and cloak old Orthodox took,

But first cram'd his jaw with a quid;

Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,

And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,

Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the Priest;

Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,

That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's
torn;

O man, that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flow'r;
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down.

Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the Crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.

(*Amen. Amen.*)

Why, Moses, your're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

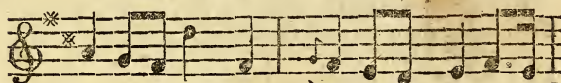
O where's thy sting, Death! put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.

So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word.
And away they both stagger'd together,
Singing *Tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.*

SONG VIII.
ON ETRICK BANKS.



On Etrick banks, ae summer's night, at



gloming when the sheep drave hame, I



met my lassie braw and tight, Came wading



barefoot, a' her lane: My heart grew



light, I ran, I flang My arms about her



lil - - ly neck, And kifs'd and clap'd her there fu'



lang, My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn,
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw.
Chear up your heart, my bonny las,
There's gear to win we never saw.

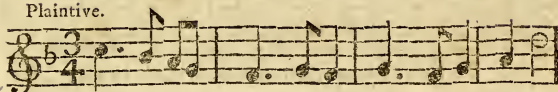
All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my las among the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport
We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.

SONG IX.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Plaintive.



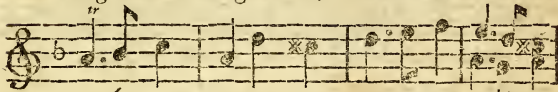
Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;



Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.



Lang have I fought thee, dear have I



bought thee, Now I have gotten my Willie a-



gain.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
 Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

SONG X.

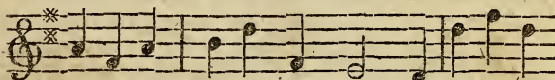
YE LADS OF TRUE SPIRIT.



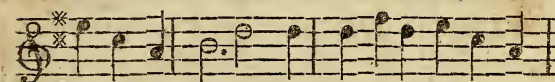
Ye lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret, Re-



leas'd from the trouble of thinking. A fool long a-



go said we nothing could know; The fellow knew



nothing of drinking. To pore over Plato, or



practise with Cato, Dispassionate dunces might



make us; But men, now more wise, self-denial de-



spise, And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach;

He solemnly up the stair paces;

Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to vein,

And counts the repeats with grimaces.

As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at stand—
A tofs up which party shall take us.
Away with fuch cant—no prefcription we want
But the nourifhing noftrum of Bacchus.

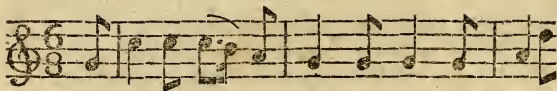
We jollily join in the practice of wine,
While mifers 'midft plenty are pining;
While ladies are fcorning, and lovers are mourning,
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; tofs a bottle to Time,
He'll not make fuch hafte to o'ertake us;
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
By the ftyptical balfam of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the newspaper-trade,
Of this man's and t'other man's ftation!
The inns are all bad, and the outs are all mad;
In and out is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter which both parties chatter
From bumpering freely fhan't fshake us;
With half-pints in hand, independent we'll ftand
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

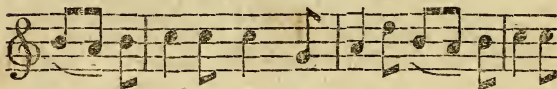
Be your motion's well-tim'd; be all charg'd and all prim'd;
Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
Right hand to glafs join—at your lips reft your wine;
Be all in your exercife fteady.
Our levels we boaft when our women we toaft;
May graciously they undertake us!
No more we defire—fo drink and give fire,
A volley to beauty and Bacchus!

SONG XI.

FOR ME MY FAIR.



For me my fair a wreath has wove, where rival



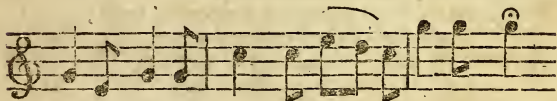
flow'rs in union meet, where rival flow'rs in union



meet; As oft she kifs'd this gift of love, her



breath gave sweetness to the sweet, as oft she kifs'd the



gift of love, her breath gave sweetness to the sweet,



her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief forgoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

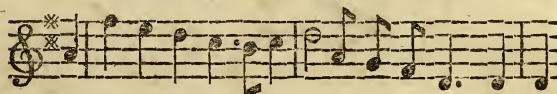
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

SONG XII.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.



To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,



A few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he



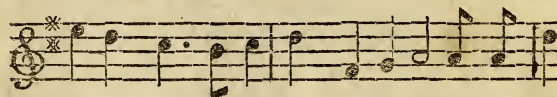
their inspirer and patron would be; When this



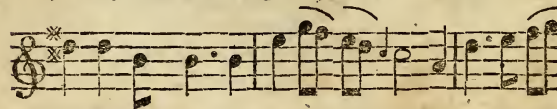
answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian—Voice



fiddle, and flute, No longer be mute, I'll lend



you my name and inspire you to boot; And besides



I'll instruct you like me to intwine The myrtle of



Venus with Bacchus's vine. And besides, I'll



instruct you like me to intwine the myrtle of Venus



with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd God and his nine lusty maids,

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do it's errand,

“ And, dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant,

“ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up ; and said, “ Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,

“ Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below :

“ Your thunder is useless”—then, shewing his laurel,

Cry'd, “ *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

“ Then over each head

“ My laurels I’ll spread ;

“ So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,

“ Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he’d chearfully join—

“ The tide of full harmony still shall be his,

“ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.

“ Then, Jove, be not jealous

“ Of these honest fellows.”

Cry’d Jove, “ Were lent, since the truth you now tell us ;

“ And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand ;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;

’Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d ;

You’ve the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be.

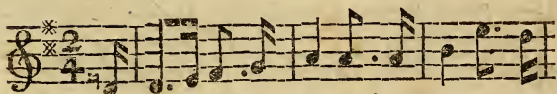
May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine

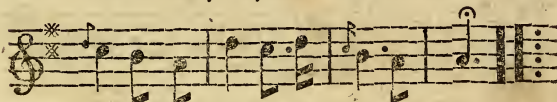
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

SONG XIII.

O SAW YE MY FATHER.



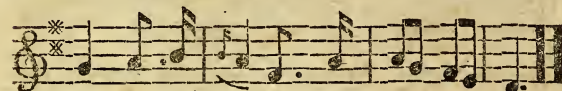
O saw ye my father, or saw ye my



mother, Or saw ye my true love John?



I saw not your father, I saw not your



mother, But I saw your true love John.

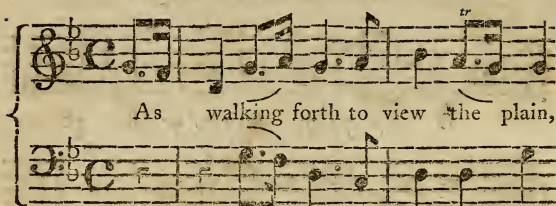
Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin.
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and let him in.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
 And crawl when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

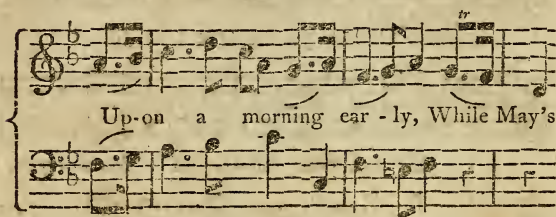
The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon.
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

SONG XIV.

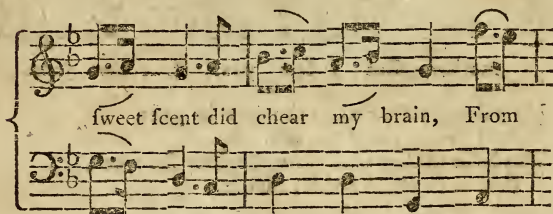
KATHARINE OGIE.



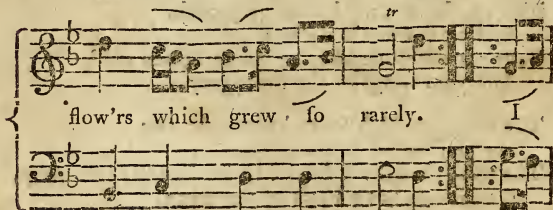
As walking forth to view the plain,



Up-on a morning ear - ly, While May's



sweet scent did chear my brain, From



flow'rs which grew so rarely. I

chanc'd to meet a pret - ty maid, She shin'd

tho' it was foggy ; I ask'd her

name, Sweet Sir, she said, My name is

Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so flately ;
C ij

So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly ?
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a boggie.
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

'The flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
'Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man.
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmens dangerous stations :
'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie,
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy :
Pity my case ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

SONG XV.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.



And gin ye meet a bonny lassie, Gi'e'er



a kifs and let her gae; But if ye meet a



dirty hussy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.



Be sure ye dinna quit the grip Of ilka



joy when ye are young, Before auld age your



vi - tals nip, And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;

Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,

Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime,

Before it wither and decay.

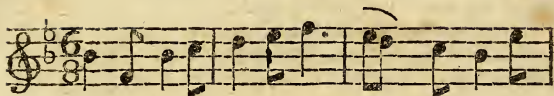
Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hid herself in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happinefs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-fays are ha'f a grant.

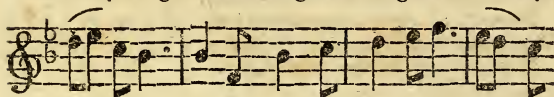
Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kifs :
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.
These bennifons, I'm very sure,¹
Are of the gods indulgent grant :
Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

SONG XVI.

FILL YOUR GLASSES.



Fill your glasses banish grief, Laugh and worldly



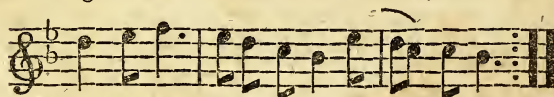
care despise; Sorrow ne'er will bring relief: Joy from



drinking will arise. Why should we, with wrinkl'd care



Change what nature made so fair? Drink, and set the



heart at rest; Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains we know, alas!

With imaginations run;

Like the sands i' th' hour-glass,

Turn'd and turn'd, and still run on,

Never knowing where to stay,

But uneasy ev'ry way.

Drink, and set the heart at rest;

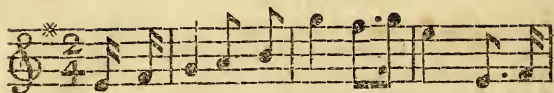
Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honours high aspire :
Give me freedom, give me health ;
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present
Will not add to my content,
Drink, and set the heart at rest ;
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Make the heart alert and free ;
Should it snow, or rain, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence against our fate ;
Changes daily on us wait.
Drink, and set your hearts at rest ;
Of a bad market make the best.

SONG XVII.

EW-BUGHTS MARION.



Will ye go to the ew bughts Marion, And



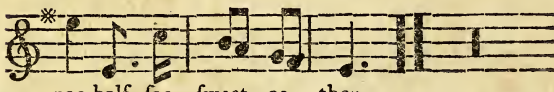
wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines



fweet, my Marion, But nae half fae fweet



as thee. The sun shines fweet, my Marion, But



nae half fae fweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her ee';
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine miks ewes, my Marion ;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion ;
Just on her bridal-day ;

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waftecoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
Nane dances like me on the green :
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean ;

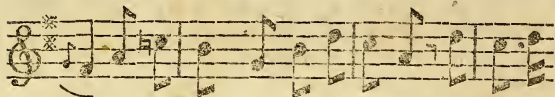
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie !
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and fee ye.

SONG XVIII.

HUNTING THE HARE.



What sport can compare, to the hunting of the



hare, In the morning, In the morning, In fair and



pleasant weather, With our horses and our hounds,



we will scour o'er the grounds, and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-



za, and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-za and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-



za, brave boys we will follow.

When poor puffs doth rise,
Then away from us she flies,
And we give her a thundering hollow,

With our horses and our hounds
We will pull her courage down,
And Tantara, Huzza, brave boys we will follow.

When poor pufs is kill'd
We retire from the field,
To be merry boys, and drink away all sorrow,
We have nothing more to fear
But to drown old father Care,
And to banish, Huzza, all his wants till to-morrow.

SONG XIX.

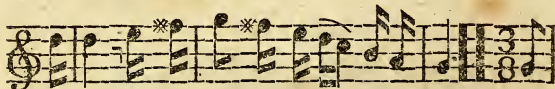
HARK AWAY.



Hark a-way 'tis the merry ton'd horn, Calls the hunt-



ers all up with the morn, To the hills and the woodlands



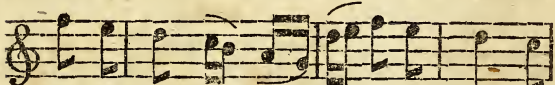
we flee, To unharbour the out lying deer And



all the day long this this is our song, still hollowing



and following so frolic and free. Our joys



know no bounds while we're af-ter the hounds, No



mortals on earth are so jol-ly as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
While the hills they all echo Hollow!

With a bounce from his cover the stag flies,
Then our shouts long resound thro' the skies.

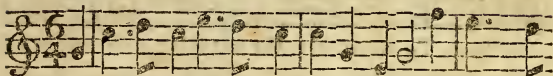
Chorus. And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the health breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal.

Chorus. And all the day long, &c.

SONG XX.

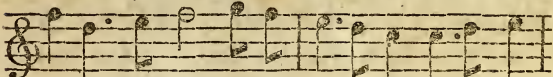
CONTENTED I AM.



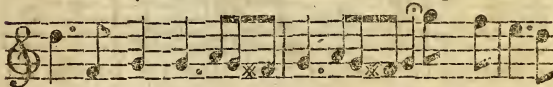
Contented I am, and contented I'll be, For what can



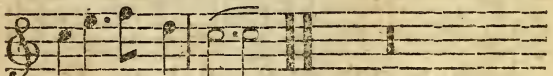
this world more afford, Than a lass who will sociably



fit on my knee, And a cellar with liquor well



stor'd, My brave bo - - - - - ys, And a cellar



with liquor well stor'd,

My vault-door is open, descend and improve ;
That cask, fir, ay, that we will try ;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop see my candle is stuck ;
'Twill light us the bottle to hand,
The foot of my glafs for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound these pipes, they're in tune ; search the bins, they're
well fill'd ;
View that heap of old hock in the rear.
Yon bottles are Burgundy ; mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp ; my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my glafs I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout.
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy :
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

'Tis my will, when I die not a tear shall be shed,
No HIC JACET be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done.

SONG XXI.

THE HOUNDS ARE ALL OUT.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE hounds are all out and the morning does peep,
Why how now you sluggardly sot!
How can you, how can you lie snoring a-asleep,
While we all on horseback have got my brave boy.
While we all on horseback have got.

I cannot get up, for the over night's cup,
So terribly lies in my head,
Besides my wife cries, my dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer a-bed my dear boy.
But cuddle me longer a-bed.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with your longer delay,
The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all our vapours away my brave boys.
Will chase all our vapours away.

SONG XXII.

COME, COME, MY JOLLY LADS.



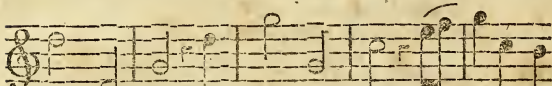
Come come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft, brisk



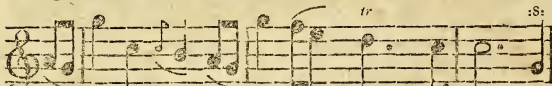
gales our sails shall croud, Come bustle, bustle, bustle



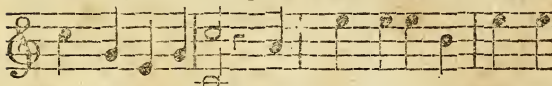
boys, hawl the boat, the boatswain pipes a-loud; The



ship's unmoor'd, all hands on board, The rising gale



fills ev'ry sail the ship's wellmann'd and stor'd. Then



sing the flowing bowl, Fond hopes arise, the girls we



prize shall bless each jovial soul. The cann boys bring,



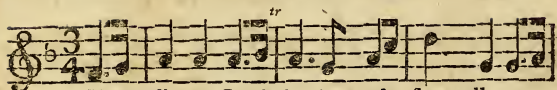
we'll drink and sing while foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain,
Then bear a hand, be steady boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again :
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl,
Fond hopes arise
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul :
The cann boys bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then sling the, &c.

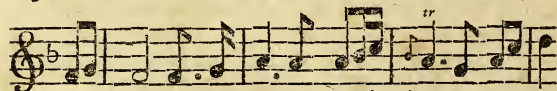
SONG XXIII.
LOCHABER NO MORE.



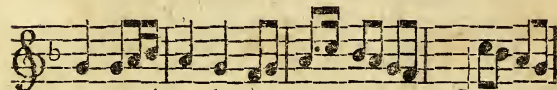
Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell my



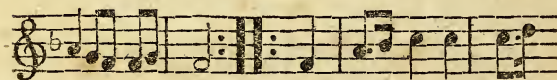
Jean! where heartfome with thee I have mony



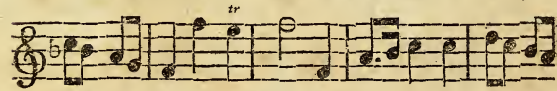
days been; For, Lochaber no more, Loch-



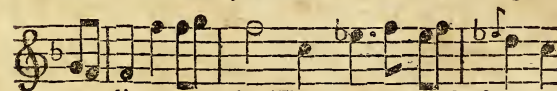
ber no more, We'll may be re-turn to Loch-



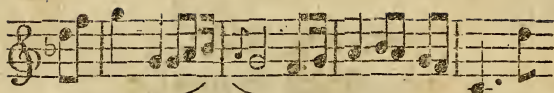
aber no more. These tears that I shed,



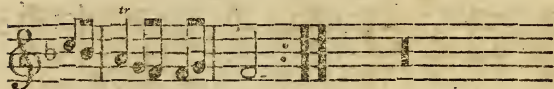
they are a' for my dear, And no for the dangers



attending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to



a far bloody shore, May be to re-turn to



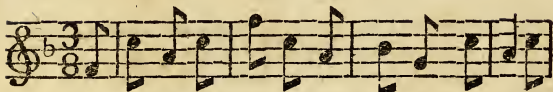
Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest, like that in my mind :
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave :
 And I must deserve it, before I can crave.

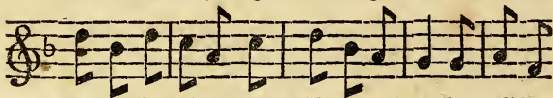
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame.
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame.
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG XXIV.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG ONE.



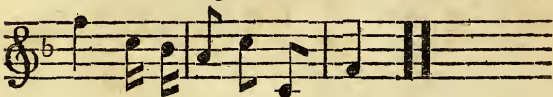
When I was a young one, what girl was like me, So



wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee, I tattl'd



I rambl'd, I laugh'd, and where e'er a fiddle was



heard, to be sure, I was there.

To all that come near I had something to say,
'Twas this Sir, and that Sir! but scarce ever nay.
And Sundays drest out in my filks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man!
Well rest him—we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

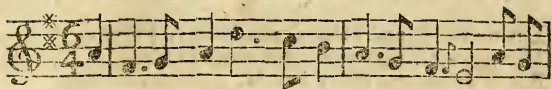
He snub'd me and huff'd me—but let me alone,
Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own;
Ye wives take the hint and when spouse is untowr'd,
Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
I'm not what I was forty summers ago ;
This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
However I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum chance,
I still love a tune tho' unable to dance.
And, books of devotion laid by on the shelf,
I teach that to others—I once did myself.

SONG XXV.

THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME.



The women all tell me I'm false to my lass; That I



quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass. But to



you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own; And if you



don't like them, why let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time:
But, in wine, from it's age such benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For, the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history, prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends,
For, the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurfes, and babies, and squalling and strife ;
But my wine neither nurfes or babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

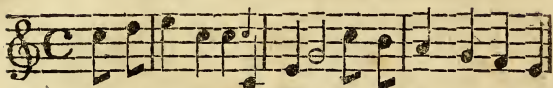
We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
It brings on diseases and hastens old age :
But wine from grim death can it's votaries save.
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She has left me—to get an estate, or a lord ;
But my bumpers (regarding nor titles nor pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

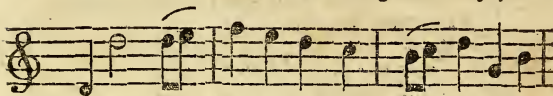
Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain :
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy.—
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG XXVI.

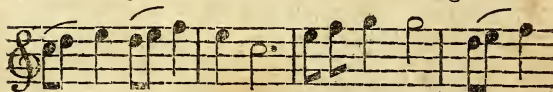
LET A SET OF SOBER ASSES.



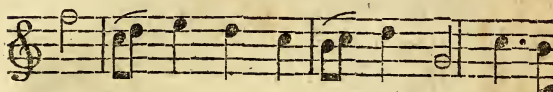
Let a set of sober asses Rail against the joys of



drinking, While water, tea, And milk agree To



set cold brains a thinking. Power & wealth, Beauty,



health, Wit, and mirth, in wine are crown'd. Joys a-



bound, Pleasure's found, Only where the glass goes



round.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion ;
 But wiser rules
 Of Modern schools
 In wine fix her dominion.
 Power and wealth, &c.

E

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty ;
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do it's duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon
Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

When heaven in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer ;
Give dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c,

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SONG XXVII.

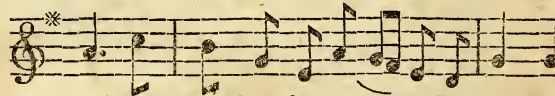
WHEN WARS ALARMS.



When wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me,



My poor heart with grief did sigh, Each fond re-



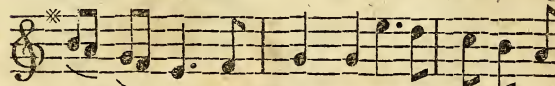
membrance brought fresh sorrow on me, I woke e'er



yet the morn was nigh. No other could delight



him, ah why did I e'er flight him? Coldly answ'ring



his fond tale, Which drove him far Amidst the rage



of war, And left filly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For, 'ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken.
I will seek my absent love;
The hostile country over
I'll fly to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannon's roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

SONG XXVIII.

DEAR TOM.

Slow.



Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with



mild ale, (in which I will drink to sweet Nan of the



vale), Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul As



e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl. In boozing about



'twas his praise to excel, And among jolly toppers he



bore off the bell,



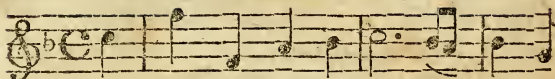
he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut.
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

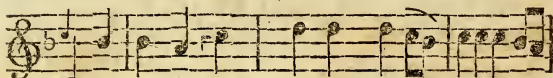
His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in it's covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG XXIX.

HAPPY DICK.



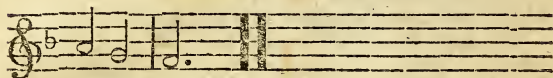
Whence comes it, neighbour Dick, That you with



youth uncommon, Have serv'd the girls this tri - - -



- - - - - ck, And wedded an old wo - - - man?



Happy Dick !

Each belle condemns the choice

Of a youth so gay and sprightly ;

But we, your friends, rejoice,

That you have judg'd so rightly :

Happy Dick !

Though odd to some it sounds,

That on threescore you ventur'd,

Yet in ten thousand pounds

Ten thousand charms are center'd :

Happy Dick !

Beauty, we know will fade,

As doth the short liv'd flower ;

Nor can the fairest maid

infure her bloom an hour :

Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient ;
As the curious value coin
The more for being ancient :
Happy Dick !

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her :
Happy Dick !

Oft 's the married state
With jealousies attended ;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended :
Happy Dick ?

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under ;
She's yours alone, for life,
Or much we all shall wonder :
Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you ;
My life ! she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you :
Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the d—l's in her :
Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given :
How falsely you can tell,
Who find it such a heaven :
Happy Dick !

With you, each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
 While envious virgins bite
 The heated sheets for madness :
 Happy Dick !

With spouse long share the bliss
 Y'had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another :
 Happy Dick !

Observing hence, by you,
 In marriage such decorum,
 Our wiser youth shall do
 As you have done before 'em :
 Happy Dick !

SONG XXX.

HOW NOW MADAM FLIRT.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHY how now, madam Flirt ;
 If you thus must chatter,
 And are for flinging dirt,
 Let's try who best can spatter ;
 Madam Flirt !

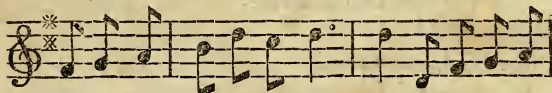
Why how now, fancy jade ;
 Sure the winch is tipsy !
 How can you see me made
 The scoff of such a gipsy ?
 Saucy Jade ?

SONG XXXI.
SONGS OF SHEPHERDS.

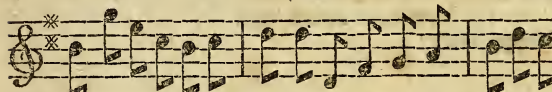
Not too fast.



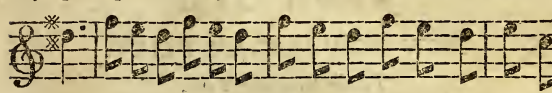
Songs of shepherds in rustical roundelays, Form'd in



fan-cy, and whistled on reeds, Sung to solace young



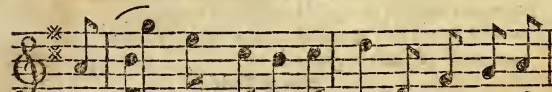
nymphs upon holidays, are too unworthy for wonderful



deeds. Sottish Silenus to Phœbus the genius Was sent by



dame Venus, a song to prepare, In phrase nicely



coin'd, and verse quite refin'd, How the fates divine



hunted the hare.

Stars quite tired with pastimes Olympical.
Stars and planets that beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only should
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
And quickly inform'd her how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sat down in her place,
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.
By her example, their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air :
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd o' th' muses with kisses and prayers ;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The postilion of the sky, light-heel'd fir Mercury,
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air ;
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus, from his metamorphosis
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take.
Snoring Somnus upstart'd from Cim'ries :
Before for a thousand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted ;
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare.
Eolus flouted ; with mirth Momus shouted ;
While wise Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

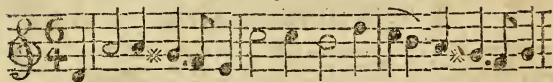
Grave Hymen ushers in lady Astrea.
The humour took hold of Latona the cold.
Ceres the brown too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold ;

Shamefac'd Aurora with witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear ;
But Juno was flated too high to be mated,
Although, Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee ;
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me :
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
In language unused, their sports to declare,
Till the vast house of Jove like the bright spheres did move.
Here's a health, then, to all that love hunting the hare.

SONG XXXII.

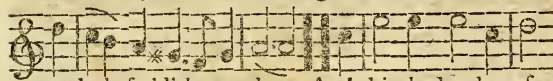
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



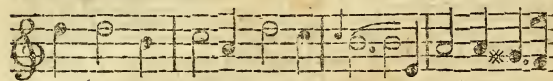
There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the ri-ver



Dee. He danc'd and he sang from morn till night ;



no lark so blithe as he. And this the burden of



his song for e-ver us'd to be : I care for nobo-



dy, no, not I, if no-body cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bleſs her ! ſhe's kindred, child,
and wife ;

I would not change my ſtation for any other in life.

No lawyer, ſurgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When ſpring begins it's merry career, oh ! how his heart
grows gay !

No ſummer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's ſad decay,

No foreſight marſt the miller's joy, who's wont to ſing and ſay,

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller bold and free, let us rejoice and ſing :

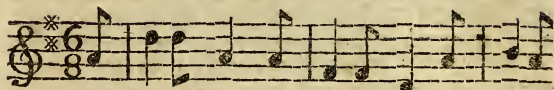
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the
wing.

This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this jovial ring :

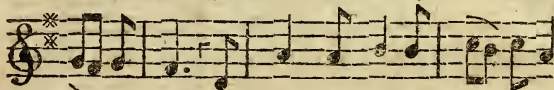
Let heart and voice and all agree to ſay long live the king.

SONG XXXIII.

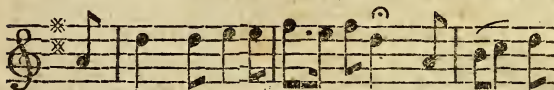
THE DUSKY NIGHT.



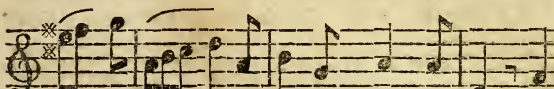
The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers



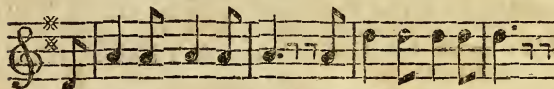
in the morn, The hounds all join in jovial cry,



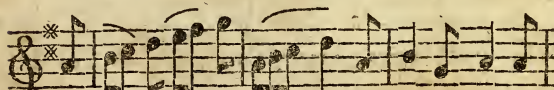
The hounds all join in jovial cry, The huntsman



winds his horn. The huntsman winds his horn. And



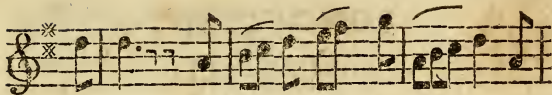
a hunting we will go, A hunting we will go,



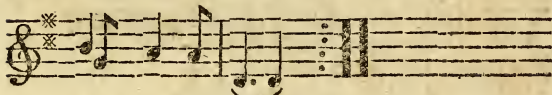
A hunting we will go - - -, A hunting we will



go And a hunting we will go. A hunting we



will go - -, And hunting we will go - -, A



hunting we will go

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear it ruins, it hails, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.
 Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale,
 But when the hounds too near he spies
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting, &c.

Fond eccho seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry,
 The woods and hills the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky,
 When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
 Prepare then for the chace.
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace,
 When a hunting, &c.

SONG XXXIV.

FATHER PAUL.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHILE grave divines preach up dull rules,
 And moral wits refine,
 The precepts taught in human schools,
 The precepts taught in human schools,
 We Friars hold divine,
 We Friars hold divine.

*Here's a health to Father Paul,
 A health to Father Paul;
 For flowing bowls inspires the souls
 Of jolly Friars all.*

When in the convent we're all met,
 We laugh, we joke, we sing,
 Affairs divine, we soon forget,
 Affairs divine, we soon forget,
 Since Father Paul's our King,
 Since Father Paul's our King.
 Here's a health, &c.

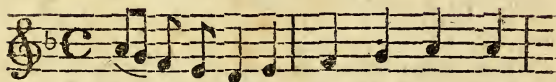
Our beads and cross, we hold divine
 We pray with fervent zeal,
 To rosy Bacchus god of wine,
 To rosy Bacchus god of wine,
 Who does each joy reveal,
 Who does each joy reveal,
 Here's a health, &c.

Here's absolution you'll receive,
 You blue eye'd nuns so fair;
 And benediction we will give,
 And benediction we will give,
 So banish all your cares,
 So banish all your cares,
 Here's a health, &c.

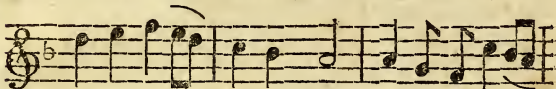
So fill your bumpers sons of mirth,
 Let Friars be the toast ;
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And nuns their order boast,
 And nuns their order boast,
 Here's a health, &c.

SONG XXXV.

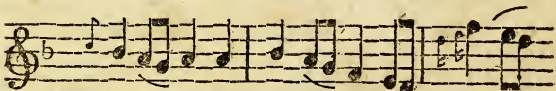
WHAT IS'T TO US.



What is't to us who guides the state? Who's



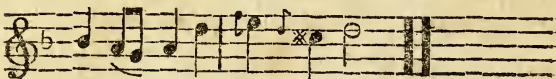
out of favour, or who's great? Who are the mini-



sters or spies? Who votes for places, or who



buys? Who are the mini-sters or spies? Who



votes for places, or who buys?

The world will still be rul'd by knaves,
And fools contending to be slaves ;
Small things, my friend, serve to support
Life, troublesome at best, and short.

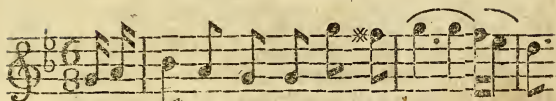
Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies ;
Who would the present blessing lose
For empire which he cannot use ?

Kind providence has us supply'd
With what to others is deny'd ;
Virtue which teaches to condemn
And scorn ill actions and ill men.

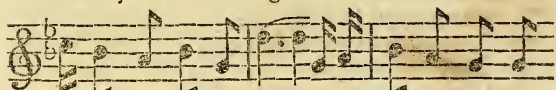
Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,
On beds of flow'rs supinely laid,
Let's, then, all other cares remove,
And drink and sing to those we love.

SONG XXXVI.

EV'RY MAN TAKE HIS GLASS.



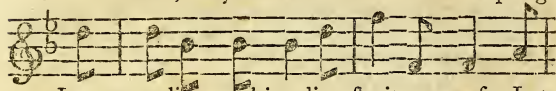
Ev'ry man take his glaſs in his hand, And drink



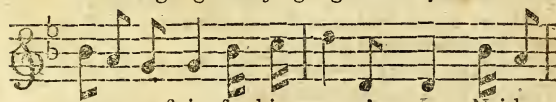
a good health to our king; Many years may he rule



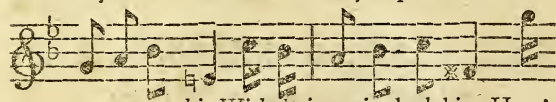
o'er this land; May his laurels for ever freſh ſpring.



Let wrangling and jangling ſtraitway ceaſe; Let



every man ſtrive for his country's peace; Neither



tory nor whig With their parties look big: Here's



a health to all honeſt men.

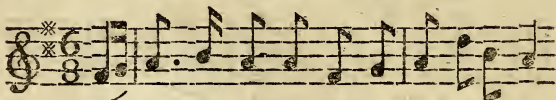
'Tis not owning a whimsical name
 That proves a man loyal and just :
 Let him fight for his country's fame ;
 Be impartial at home, if in trust.
 'Tis this that proves him an honest soul :
 His health we'll drink in a brim-full bowl.
 Then let's leave off debate,
 No confusion create :
 Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
 With intent to be merry and gay,
 Their drooping spirits to whet,
 And drown the fatigues of the day,—
 What madness is it thus to dispute,
 When neither side can his man confute ?
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were.
 Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;
 Let your enemies trembling see
 That a Briton is always the same.
 For our king, our laws, our church, and right,
 Let's lay by all feuds and straits unite :
 Then who need care a fig
 Who's a tory or whig ?
 Here's a health to all honest men.

SONG XXXVII.

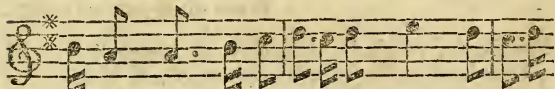
YE BELLES AND YE FLIRTS.



Ye belles and ye flirts, And ye pert little things,



Who trip in this forlicksome round, Prithee tell



me from whence this in-decency springs, The sexes



at once to confound, What means the cock'd hat,



and the masculine air, With each motion design'd



to perplex, Bright eyes were intended to lan-



guish, not flare, And softness the test of your sex, dear



girls, and softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid,
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade,

But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent airs,
Brave girls, not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd,
To serve as a model for you,
Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal,
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal,
Sweet girls, and double, &c.

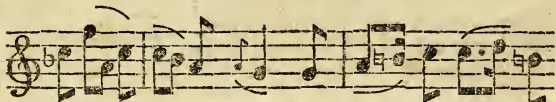
The blushes of morn and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure,
Oh! be but yourselves and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is solid and sure,
But if Amazon like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
But believe me you'll never be wives,
Poor girls, believe me, &c.

SONG XXXVIII.

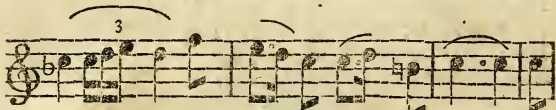
HARK! HARK!



Hark! hark! the joy in - spi - ring horn, Salutes



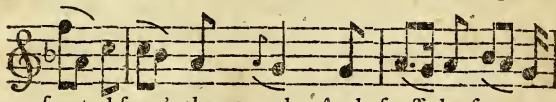
the ro - fy ri - sing morn, And e - choes thro' the



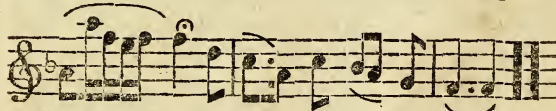
dale - - - And e - choes thro' the dale, With



clam'rous peals the hills refound, The hounds quick



scented scow'r the ground, And snuff the fragrant



gale - - - And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede,
The brisk high-mettl'd starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd' her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies ;
The distant couriers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rend the skies.

SONG XXXIX.

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.



The topsails shi - - ver in the wind, The ship



she casts to sea - - - But yet my soul, my



heart, my mind, are, Ma-ry, moor'd with thee.



For tho' thy sailor's bound a - far, still



love shall be his leading star; For tho' thy



sailor's bound a - - far, Still love shall be



his lead - - ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales :
Thou art the compass of my soul
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers and not slaves :
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu !

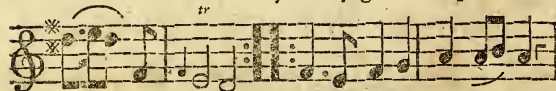
SONG XL.
BANKS OF BANNA.



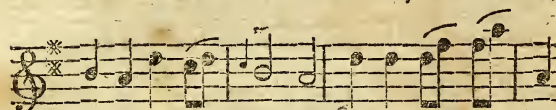
Shepherds, I have lost my love, Have you seen my



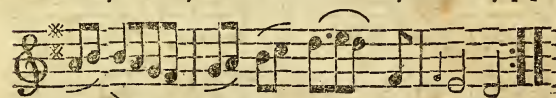
Anna? Pride of ev'ry shady grove, Upon the



banks of Banna. I for her my home forlook,



near yon misty mountain, Left my flock, my pipe,



my crook, Greenwood shade and fountain.

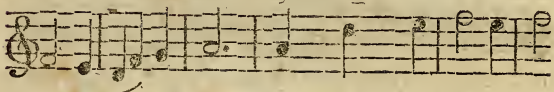
Never shall I see them more
Until her returning ;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds tell me whither ?
Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.

SONG XLI.

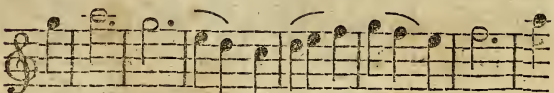
ALL IN THE DOWNS.



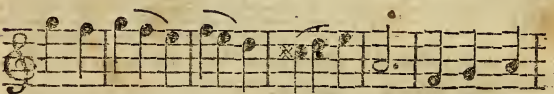
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, the streamers



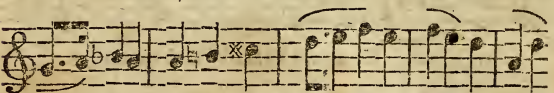
waving to the wind, When black ey'd Sufan came



on board, Oh! where shall I my true love find; Tell



me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, If my sweet



William, if my sweet Willi - am, fails a - mong



your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 'The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest,
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return,

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard :

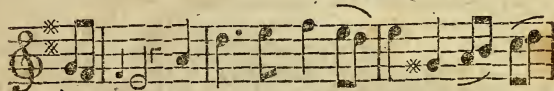
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head,
Her leav'ning boat, unwilling rows to land :
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG XLII.

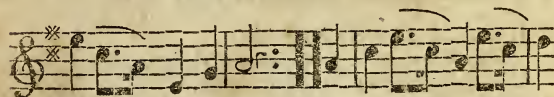
WHEN ONCE THE GODS.



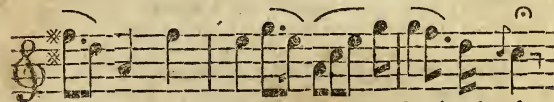
When once the gods, like us below, To keep it up



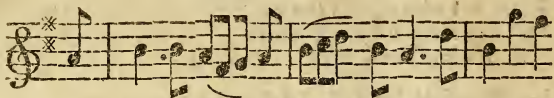
de - sign, Their goblets with fresh nectar flow, Which



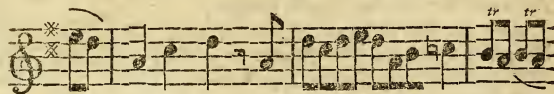
makes them more divine. Since drinking de-i-fies



the soul, Let's push a - bout the flowing bowl,



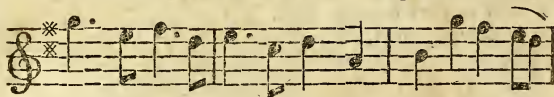
Since drinking de-i-fies the foul, Let's push about



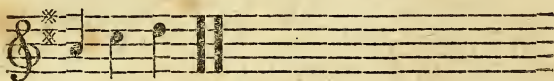
the flowing bowl. A flow - - - - - ing



bowl, A flow - - - - - ing bowl. Since



drinking deifies the foul, Let's push about the



flowing bowl !

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breast,
May hide a heart of blackest hue,
Though by the king carefs'd.
Let him in pride and splendor roll ;
We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crews
Because, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fishes too.

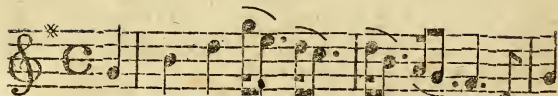
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can share a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-chief-justice be,
Sir Fletcher speaker still ;
At home let Sandwich rule the sea,
And North the treasury fill :
No place I want, throughout the whole,
But one that's near a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at old Nick,
And miss is mad to wed ;
The doctor wants us to be sick ;
The undertaker, dead.
All have their wants from pole to pole ;
I want an ever flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

SONG XLIII.

ONCE MORE I'LL TUNE.



Once more I'll tune the vo - cal shell, To hills



and dales my pas - - sion tell, A flame which time



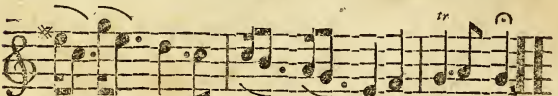
can ne - - - ver quell, That burns for lovely



Peggy. Ye greater bards the lyre should hit, For say



what subject is more fit, Than to record the



sparkling wit, And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous, as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone it's endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

The zephyr's air the violet blows,
Or breath upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu! my lovely Peggy.

SONG XLIV.

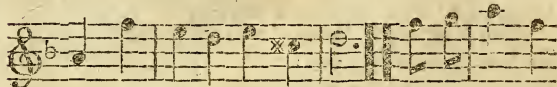
ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.



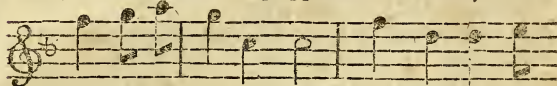
On a bank of flow'rs in a summer's day, invit-



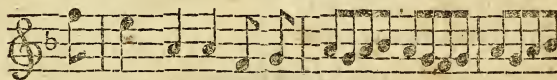
ing and undress'd In her bloom of years, bright Celia



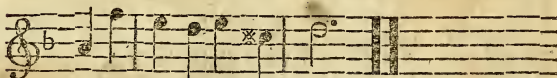
lay, With love and sleep oppress'd; When a youthful



swain, with admiring eyes, With'd he durst the



fair maid surpris'd, With a fa, la, la, &c. - - - - -



But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,

That fann'd her robes aside;

And the sleeping nymph did charms disclose

Which, waking, she would hide,

Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high,

He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But durst not yet draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties fir'd,
 And blest'd the courteous wind ;
 Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,
 That Celia might be kind.
 Then, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain :
 But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the tim'rous swain.

Yet, when once desire has inflam'd the soul,
 All modest doubts withdraw,
 And the god of love does each fear controul
 That would the lover awe.
 Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,
 Escape, and I not the means employ,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 To seize the proffer'd joy ?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd,
 And with trembling hands (oh ! the simple swain !)
 Her glowing bosom press'd.
 Then the virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd :
 What a dull and stupid thing was I,
 That such a chance abus'd !
 To my shame 'twill now on the plains be said,
 Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a maid !

SONG XLV.

A COBLER THERE WAS.



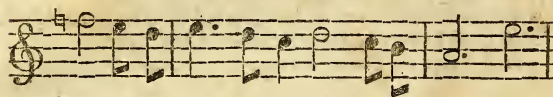
A cobler there was, And he liv'd in a stall, Which



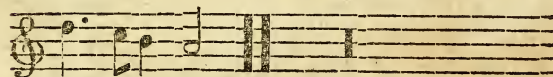
ferv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall. No



coin in his pocket, no care in his pate; No ambition had



he, nor yet duns at his gate. Derry down, down,



down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy :
He'd laugh, then, and whistle, and sing, too, most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
'That shoots at the peasant as well the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart ;
I wish'd it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay :
Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quit over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sang her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his AWL that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself he resolv'd :
He peirc'd through his body instead of the SOLE ;
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend :
All cobblers, take notice of this cobbler's END ;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what's past,
That love brings us all to an END at the LAST.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG XLVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

I'M not high church nor low church, no tory nor whig,
No flattering young coxcomb, nor formal old prig,
Not fond of much talking, nor silently quaint,
No profligate sinner, nor pragmatical saint.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But to know truth from falsehood, I do what I can,
And if that I do err, I'm a fallible man,
Nor can I in nature conceive any other,
Of the wisest arch priest that is born of his mother.

I can laugh at a jest, if it's not out of time,
And excuse a mistake, tho' not flatter a crime
The faults of a friend I scorn to expose,
And detest private scandal, tho' cast on my foes.

I put none to the blush, on whatever pretence,
For immodesty shocks both good breeding and sense,
To amend, not reproach, is the bent of my mind,
A reproof is half lost, where ill nature is join'd.

When merit appears, tho' in rags, I respect it,
And pleads virtue's cause, tho' the world should re-
ject it ;

To no party a slave, in no squabble I join,
Nor damns the opinion that differs from mine,

Evil tongues I condemn, no mob treason I sing,
I doat on my country, and am true to my king,
And as for the path, after death to be trode,
I submit to the will of a merciful God.

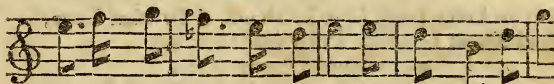
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG XLVII.

THE ECHOING HORN.



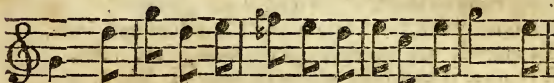
The echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad, To



horse my brave boys and away; The morning is up,



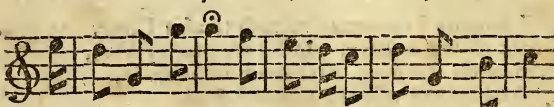
and the cry of the hounds, Upbraids our too tedious de-



lay. What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox, O'er



hill and o'er valley he flies; Then follow, we'll soon o-

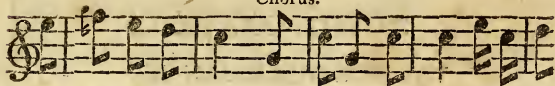


vertake him, huzza! The traitor is seiz'd on and dies,



He dies - - - - - The traitor

Chorus.



is seiz'd on and dies; Then follow, we'll soon overtake



him, huzza! The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

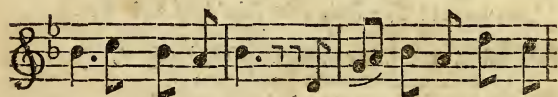
Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay;
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day:
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours;
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.
 With flow'rs, let's strew, &c.

SONG XLVIII.

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.



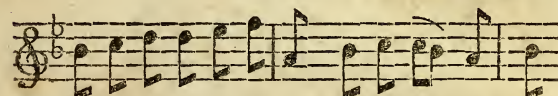
What woman can do, I have try'd to be free,



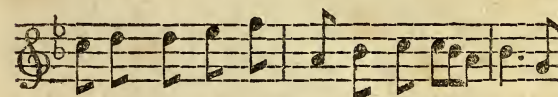
Yet do what I can, I find I love him, And



tho' he flies me, Still, still, he's the man. They



tell me at once, he to twenty will swear: When vows



are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear? So when



you have said all you can, Still, still, he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kifs'd me, then who could upbraid
 So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still,—still, he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art:
 I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man!
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can?
 He,—still is the man.

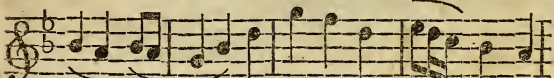
SONG XLIX.

THE FAREWELL.

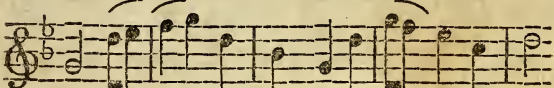
*Written by MARY QUEEN of SCOTS, in her passage from
France to Scotland.*



O! thou lov'd country, where my youth was



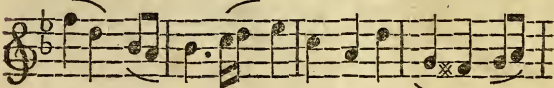
spent, Dear golden days all past in sweet con-



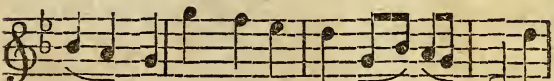
tent, where the fair morning of my clouded day,



Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay, Dear



France, adieu, a long and sad fare-well; No



thought can image, And no tongue can tell, The

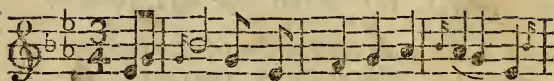


pangs I feel at that drear word, Farewell!

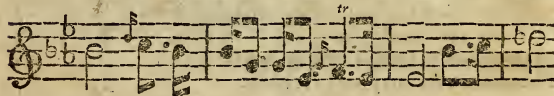
The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore,
 Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
 My soul is thine, that spark of heav'nly flame,
 That better portion of my mingled frame,
 Is wholly thine, that part I give to thee,
 That in the temple of thy memory,
 The other ever may enshrined be. }

SONG L.

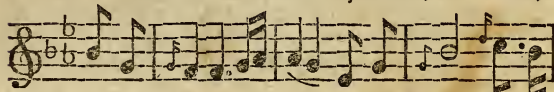
QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



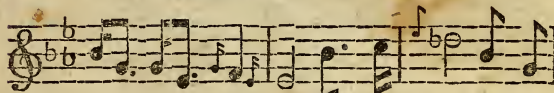
I sigh and lament me in vain, These



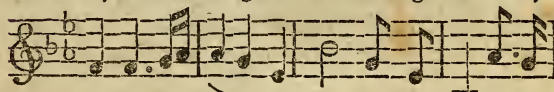
walls can but e - - cho my moan, A - - las,



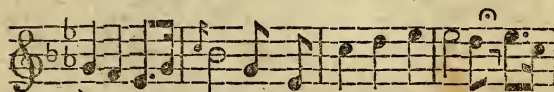
it in - creases my pain when I think of the



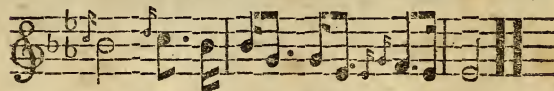
days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my



prison, I see the birds as they wanton in



air, My heart, how it pants to be free, My

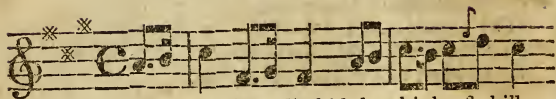


looks they are wild with de - spair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state.
She ne'er can subdue me to those ;
False woman in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be
And when we are cold in the tomb
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell ;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
O Mary, prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

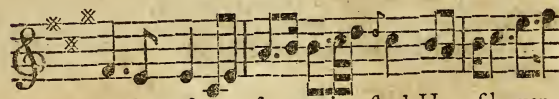
THE MUSICAL
SONG LI.
MARY'S DREAM.



The moon had climb'd the high-est hill,



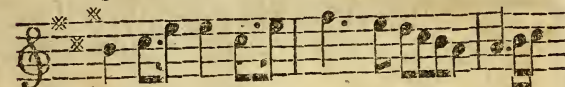
Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And



from the eastern sum-mit shed Her fil-ver



light on tow'r and tree; When Mary laid her



down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy, far



at sea; When soft and low a voice was



heard, Say, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head to ask, who there might be.

She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,

With visage pale and hollow eye ;

“ O Mary dear, cold is my clay,

“ It lies beneath a stormy sea,

“ Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,

“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ Three stormy nights and stormy days

“ We tofs'd upon the raging main :

“ And long we strove our bark to save,

“ But all our striving was in vain.

“ Ev'n then, when horror chil'd my blood,

“ My heart was fill'd with love for thee :

“ The storm is past, and I at rest,

“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,

“ We soon shall meet upon that shore,

“ Where love is free from doubt and care,

“ And thou and I shall part no more.”

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,

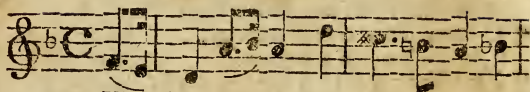
No more of Sandy could she see ;

But soft the passing spirit said,

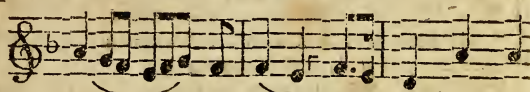
“ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me”

SONG LII.

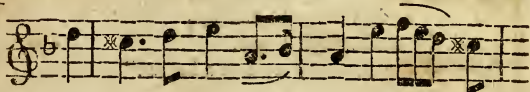
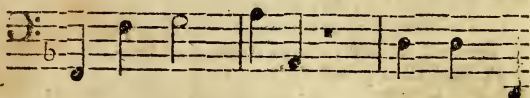
SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.



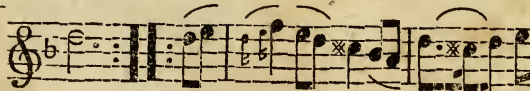
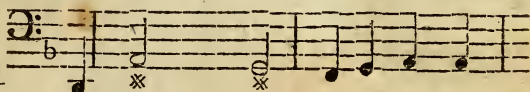
The night her silent fa - ble wore, And



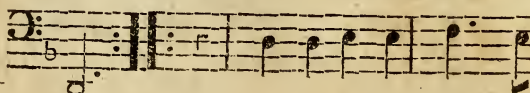
gloomy were the skies, Of glittering stars



appear'd no more than those in Nel - ly's



eyes ; When to her father's door I



came, Where I had of-ten been, I

begg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, To rise

and let me in.

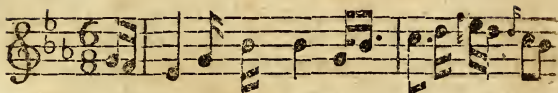
But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll:
 But virtue only had the pow'r.
 To charm my very foul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part !
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy ;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest'd a man am I ;
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

SONG LIH.

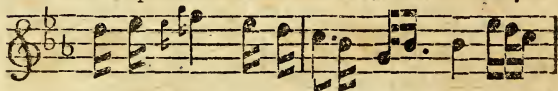
OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!



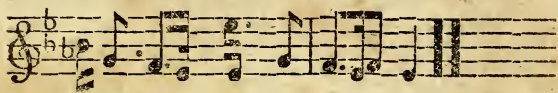
It's open the door, some pi-ty to show,



It's open the door to me, Oh! Tho' you



have been false, I'll always prove true, So



open the door to me, Oh!

Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder your love unto me, Oh!

Though you have, &c.

She's open'd the door, she's open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corps on the ground, Oh!

Though you have, &c.

My true love, she cry'd, then fell down by his side,
Never, never to shut again, Oh!

Though you have, &c.



SONG LIV.

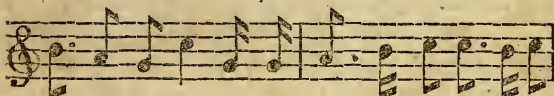
THE MATRON'S WISH.



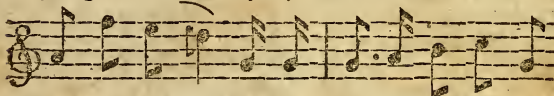
When my locks are grown hoary, And my visage



looks pale, When my forehead has wrinkles, and mine

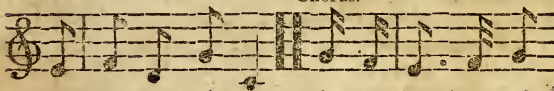


eye-sight does fail, May my words and mine actions be

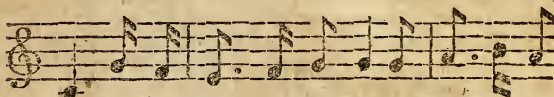


free from all harm, May I have a good husband

Chorus.



to keep my back warm. O the pleasures of



youth, they are flow'rs but of May, our life's but a



vapour, our bodies but clay, Yet let me live well, tho'



I live but a day.

With a sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print ;
 With a pot on the fire, and good viands in't ;
 With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and summer,
 To drink to my gossip, and be pledg'd by my cummer,
 The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poulty, and some money in store,
 To purchase the needful, and to give to the poor ;
 With a bottle of Canary, to sip without sin,
 And to comfort my daughter whene'er she lies in.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy to rest on at night,
 With a maid in the morning to rise with the light,
 To do her work neatly, and obey my desire,
 To make the house clean, and blow up the fire.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content, and a good easy chair ;
 With a thick hood and mantle, when I ride on my mare.
 Let me dwell near my cupboard, and far from my foes,
 With a pair of glasse eyes to clap on my nose.
 The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old cummer's now laid in the clay :
 When young, she was cheerful, no scold, nor no whore ;
 She assisted her neighbours, and gave to the poor.
Tho' the flow'r of her youth in her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy unto her last day.

SONG LV.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

To the foregoing Tune.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate: in a fair country town,
 Let me have a warm house with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with an absolute sway;
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay,

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, on which I may look;
 With a green spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of good Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day:
 And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,—
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when mellow,
 He is gone, and has left not behind him his fellow:

For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway;
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

SONG LVI.

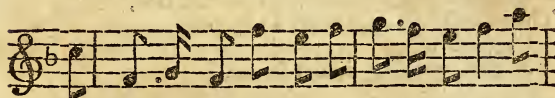
KNOW I'M YOUR PRIEST.



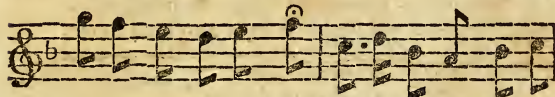
You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is



mine; But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign:



So leave off your raking, and marry a wife, And



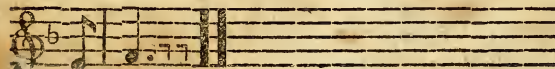
then my dear Darby, you're settled for life. Sing a



Ballina-mona, o - ro, Ballina-mona, o - ro,



Ballina-mona, o - ro, A good merry wedding



for me.

The banns being publish'd to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow,
So modest her air and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring and I pull out with my book.
Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballinamona oro.
That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride,
The pipers before us you march side by side,
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
The piper plays up, myself I say grace.
Sing, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round and the stocking is thrown,
The curtains are drawn and you're both left alone,
'Tis then my good boy I believe you're at home,
And hey for a christening at nine months to come.
Sing Ballinamona oro,
A good merry christening for me.

SONG LVII.

BALLINAMONA.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.
Sing Balinamona oro, &c.
A kifs of your sweet lips for me.

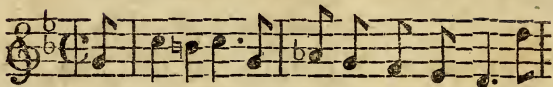
Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes ;
So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my clothes.
Sing Balinamona ora, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply and poor Phelim will save,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Sing Balinamona ora, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride,
With coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Sing Balinamona oro, &c.
Your lily-white fist for me.

SONG LVIII.

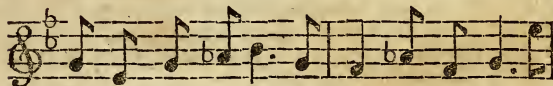
THE WHEEL OF LIFE.



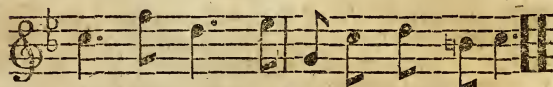
The wheel of life is turning quickly round, And



nothing in this world of certainty is found. The



midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out; Good



lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about.

Some few aloft on fortune's wheel do go,
And, as they mount up high, the others tumble low;
For this we all agree, that fate at first did will
That this great wheel should never once stand still.

The courtier turns, to gain his private ends,
'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his friends:
Prosperity oft times deceives the proud and vain,
And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

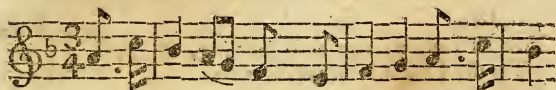
Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry way,
And cheat and scrape for what can't purchase one poor
day:

But this is far below the gen'rous hearted man,
Who lives, and makes the most of life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in life's short farce,
 'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling hearse :
 The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out,
 Good lack ! good lack ! how things are wheel'd about.

SONG LIX.

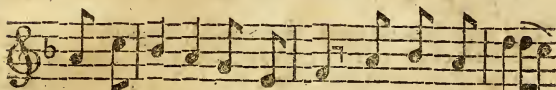
THE STORM.



Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, Lift ye land-



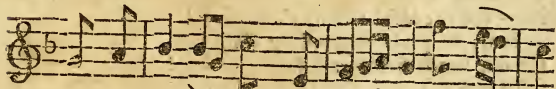
men, all to me, messmates hear a brother failor,



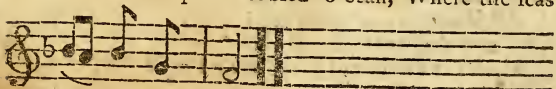
sing the dangers of the sea, From bounding billows



first in motion, when the distant whirlwinds rise ;



to the tempest troubled o-cean, Where the seas



contend with skies.

Lively.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By topfail sheets, and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, fet the braces ;
 Quick the topfail sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your topfails nimbly clew !

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roar the tempest louder ;
 Think what fear our mind enthrals ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
 No again the boatswain calls :

Quick.

The topfail-yards point to the wind, boys !
 See all clear to reef each course !
 Let the fore-sheets go ; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-fail yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace fet ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Slow.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
 Peals on peals contending clash !
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky !
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us.
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

Quick.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !
 Come, my hearts be stout, and bold !
 Plumb the well, the lake increases ;
 Four feet water in the hold !

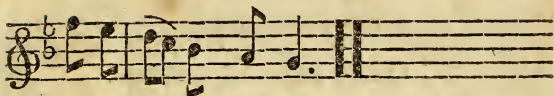
Slow.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no return.
 Still the lake is gaining on us ;
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now !

Quick.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See our mizen-mast is gone,
 The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast :
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ; who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !



still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain,
 Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made.
 But all, all consented that none ever knew,
 A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

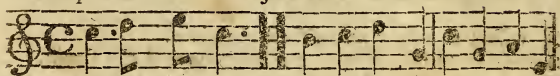
Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care,
 Of the faithful, the tender the innocent pair,
 What either might want he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love.
 He said all to bless them his god-head cou'd do,
 That they still shou'd be kind and they should be true.

SONG LXI.

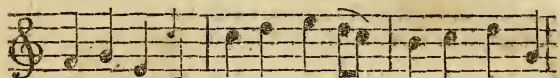
LIFE IS CHECQUER'D.

Philosophical.

Jovial.



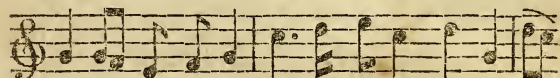
Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure Fill up all the



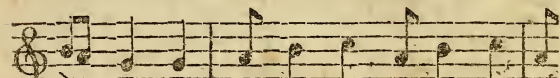
various measure. See the crew in flannel jerkins,



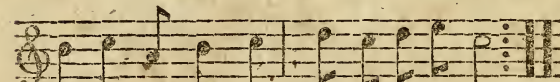
Drinking, toping flip by firkins; And, as they raise the tip



To their hap-py lip, On the deck is heard no o-



ther sound, But prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick, pri-



thee, Sam, prithee, Tom, Let the cann go round.



Then hark to the boatswainswhistle! whistle! Then



hark to the boatswain's whistle! whistle! Bustle,



bustle, bustle, my boy; Let us stir, let us toil;



But let's drink all the while, For labour's the price of



our joy, For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure

Fill up all the various measure.

Hark! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,

Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces:

And, as they raise their notes

Through their rusty throats,

On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure

Fill up all the various measure.

Hark! the crew their cares discarding

With huffle-cap or with chuck-farthing:

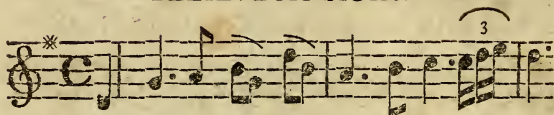
Still in a merry pin,

Let them lose or win,

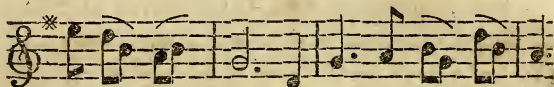
On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

SONG LXII.

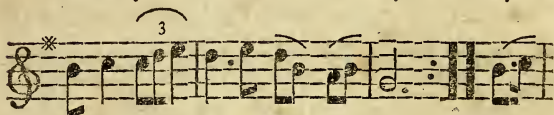
BELIEVE MY SIGHS.



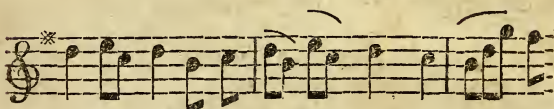
Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear, be-lieve



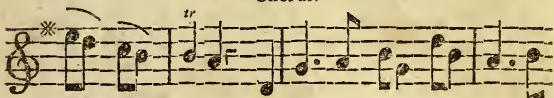
a heart you've won; Believe my vows to you



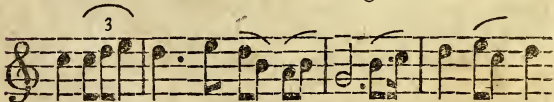
sincere, or Jenny, I'm undone. You



say I'm fickle, and apt to change, at every
Chorus.



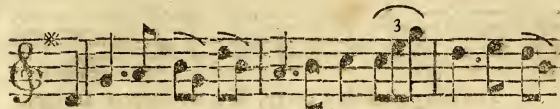
face that's new. Of all the girls I ever



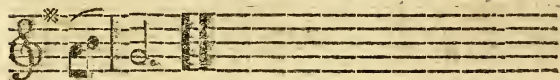
saw, I ne'er lov'd one like you, I ne'er lov'd one



like you, my dear, I ne'er lov'd one like you;



Of all the girls I ever saw, I ne'er lov'd one



like you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,

Till warm'd by your bright eye:

And then it kindled in a trice,

A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find

That I've a heart that's true;

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one like you,

I ne'er lov'd one like you my dear.

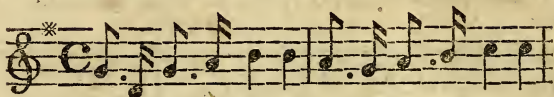
I ne'er lov'd one like you,

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one like you.

SONG LXIII.

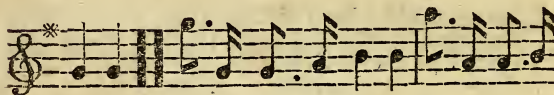
YOU THE POINT MAY CARRY.



You the point may carry, If a-while you tar-ry,



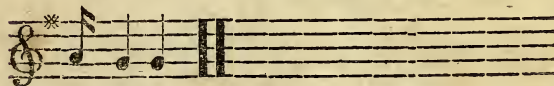
But for you, I tell you true, no you, I'll never



marry. You the point may carry, If a-while you



tar-ry, But for you, I tell you true, no you, I'll ne-



ver marry.

Care our souls disowning,
 Punch our sorrows drowning,
 Laugh and love
 And ever prove
 Joys our wishes crowning.
 Care our, &c.

To the church I'll hand her.
Then thro' the world I'll wander,
I'll sob and sigh
Until I die
A poor forsaken gander.
To the church, &c.

Each pious priest since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses,
You're never vex't
If this his text,
Go fuddle all your noses.
Each pious, &c.

SONG LXIV.

WELCOME BROTHER DEBTOR.

Tune—*Cease rude Boreas*—Page 109.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or setter,
Dare to shew a frightful face.
But, kind Sir, as your're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger;
You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife :
Wisdom lies in true refinement,
Through the various scenes of life,
Scorn to shew the least resentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate,
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here,
Use will make a jail delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.
Every island's but a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea :
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

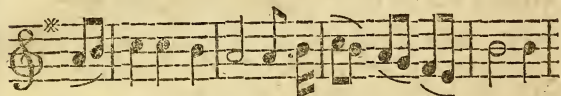
What was it made great Alexander,
Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
'Twas because he could not wander
Beyond the world's strong prison-gate.
The world itself is strongly bounded
By the heavens and stars above :
Why should we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love ?

SONG LXV.

MY TEMPLES WITH CLUSTERS.



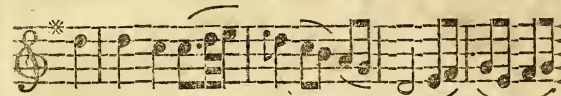
My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,



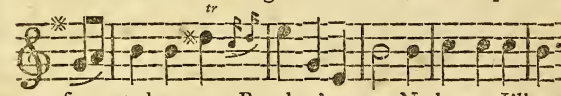
And barter all joys for a gob - let of wine, And



barter all joys for a goblet of wine. In search of



a Venus no long--er I'll run, But stop and



for-get her at Bacchus's tun; No longer I'll run



But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

'Tis woman whoſe charms every rapture impart,
And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart;
The miſer himſelf, ſo ſupreme is her ſway,
Grows a convert to love, and reſigns her the key.

At the ſound of her voice ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens, well pleas'd, from her ſhed;
While age, in an ecſtacy, hob'ling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

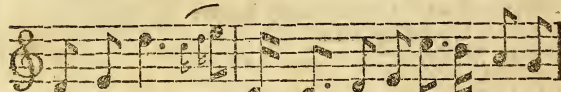
Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirſt of a lover—and pledge me who dare!

SONG LXVI.

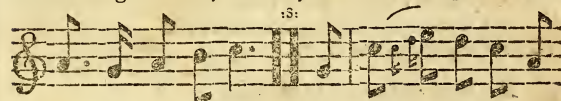
LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.



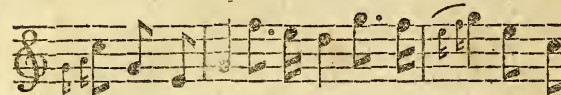
My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twin



wi' his gear, My min-ny she's a scolding wife, hads



a' the house a steer. But let them say, or let



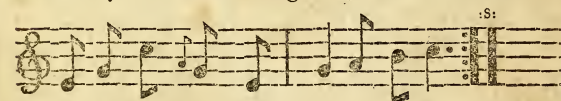
them do, it's a' ane to me; For he's low down he's



in the broom, that's waiting on me, waiting on



me, my love, he's waiting on me, For he's low down



he's in the broom, That's waiting for me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy ;
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnnie i' the glen :
 And aye since syne, she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let her say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy he came west ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Pate,
 And aye since syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.

*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me ;*

*For I'll gae to the bonny lad
 That's waiting on me ;*

Waiting on me, my love,

He's waiting on me ;

For he's low down, he's in the broom

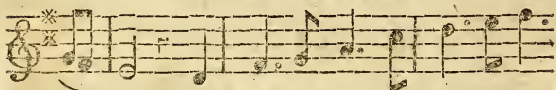
That's waiting for me.

SONG LXVII.

HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDMEN KNOW.



How little do the landmen know, of what we sai-



lors feel, When waves do mount, and winds do blow,



but we have hearts of steel.

No danger can



a - fright us, no enemy shall flout, we'll make the



monfieurs right us, so tofs the cann about.

Sick flout to orders meffmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink,
 Then France have at your firt rates,
 For Britons never shrink.
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by fcores,
 And Moll and Kate and Nancy,
 Shall roll in lucis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're ly'ng,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing boys,
 In war we'll never fly,
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

SONG LXVIII.

WHRE'S MY SWAIN.



Where's my swain so blithe and clever, why d'ye



leave me all in sorrow? Three whole days are gone



for ever, since you said you'd come to - morrow,



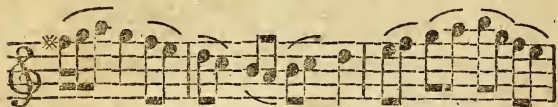
If you lov'd but half as I do, you'd been here with



looks so bonny, Love has fly-ing wings I well



know, not for ling'ring la - - zy Johnny, Love



has flying wings I well know, not for ling'ring



la - zy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing,
 Is he with the lasses Maying ?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow ;
 If he's weary/grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can't and will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may loose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not shepherd thus to brave me,
 If I'm your's pray wait no longer,
 If you won't another 'll have me,
 I may cool but not grow fonder.

If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make ye;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SONG LXIX.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

Tune—*You the point may carry*—Page 118.

I'M in love with twenty,
 I'm love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 There's nothing like a plenty.

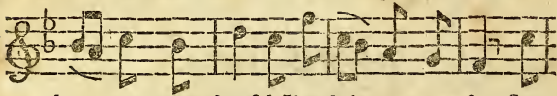
Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 A constancy
 Is not for me,
 So ladies take your warning.

For a man in one love,
 For a man in one love,
 He looks as poor
 As any boor,
 For a man in one love.
 Variety, &c.

Girls grown old and ugly,
 Girls grown old and ugly,
 They can't inspire
 The same desire,
 As when they're young and smugly.
 Variety, &c.

'Tis not the grand regalia,
 'Tis not the grand regalia
 Of eastern kings
 That poets sing,
 But O the sweet seraglio.
 Variety, &c.

SONG LXX.
AS SURE AS A GUN.



And so when you're married (poor amorous wight !
 You'll bill it, and coo it from morning till night :
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun,—
 Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—as sure as a
 gun !

But shou'd she prove fond of her own dearest love,
 And you be as supple, and soft as her glove ;
 Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun—
 You're fasten'd to her apron-strings—as sure as a gun !

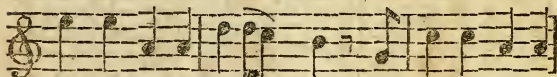
Suppose it was you then, said he, with a leer ;
 You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear :
 In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—
 But do as other women do—as sure as a gun !

SONG LXXI.

FAL DE RAL TIT.



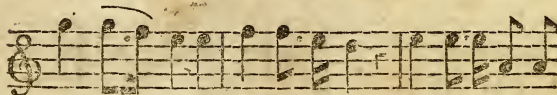
'Twas I learnt a pretty song in France, And I



brought it o'er the sea by chance ; And then in Wapping



I did dance, Oh ! the like was never seen : For I



made the music loud for to play, All for to pass the



dull hours a-way, And when I had nothing left for

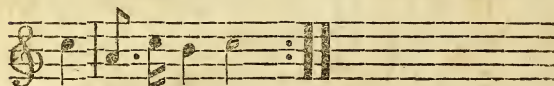


to say, Then I sung Fal de ral tit, Tit fal de ral,

Chorus.



Tit fal de ray, Then I sung Fal de ral tit, Then we



sung Fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames street,
A ship mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat,
With a cann of grog, gillio!
A cann of grog they brought us strait,
All for to pleasure my ship mate,
And satisfaction give him strait,
Then I sung Fal de ral tit, &c.

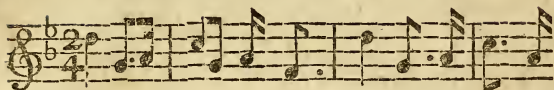
The macaronies next came in,
All drest so neat, and look'd so trim,
And thinking for to strike me dum.
There was half a score or more.
Some was short, and some was tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
Then I sung Fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wish'd I wou'd go away;
And if I 'tempted for to stay,
As how he'd take the law,
Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst,
All this I said, and nothing worse,
Then I sung Fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've crost the raging main,
And be come back to Old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be satisfied,
Then I'll sing Fal de ral tit, &c.

SONG LXXII.

ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.



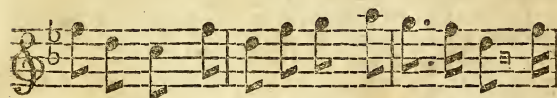
Blyth, blyth, blyth was she, Blyth was she but and



ben; And well she loo'd a Hawick gill, And leugh



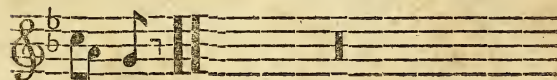
to see a tappet hen. She took me in, and



fet me down, And hecht to keep me lawing free; But



cunnin carlin that she was, she gar'd me birle my



bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor weill enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was tō pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.
Blyth, blyth, &c.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown;
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker-aft about,
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bum.
And ay the clearest drinker out,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
Blyth, blyth, &c.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
Blyth, blyth, &c.

SONG, LXXIII.
BIRKS OF INVERMAY.



The smiling morn, the breathing spring, in-



vite the tuneful birds to sing, And while



they warble from each spray, love melts the u-



ni - ver - fal lay.

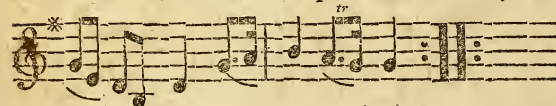
Let us, A . man - da,



timely wife, like them im-prove the hour



that flies, and in soft raptures waste the day, A-



mong the birks of In-ver-may.

M ij

For soon the winter of the year,
And age; life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG LXXIV.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

Moderato.



The wealthy fool, with gold in store, will still



de fire to grow richer, give me but these, I ask

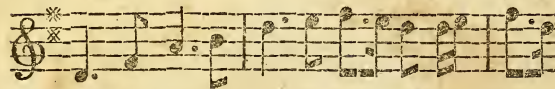


no more, My charming girl, my friend, and pit-

Chorus.



cher. My friend so rare, my girl so fair, With



fuch, what mortal can be richer; Give me



but these, a fig for care, With my sweet girl,



my friend, and pitcher.

From morning fun I'd never grieve
To toil a hēdger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

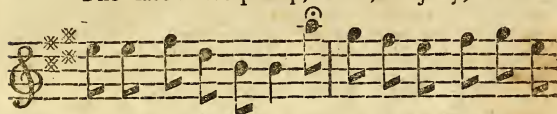
Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

SONG LXXV.

THO' LATE I WAS PLUMP.



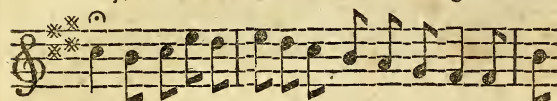
Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly, I now



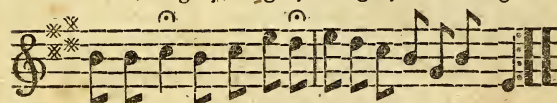
am as thin as a rod, Oh love is the cause of my



folly, and soon I'll lie under a sod. Sing ditherum



doodle, nagety, nagety, tragety, rum, and goose-



therum foodle, Fidgety, fidgety, nigety, mum.

Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,
A lad that's so cosy and warm.
Oh! ev'ry thing's handsome about me,
My cabin and snug little farm.
Sing ditherum, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,
No duns at my chamber attend;

On Sunday I ride on my poney.
 And still have a bit for a friend.
 Sing ditherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
 The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove;
 Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
 When I look and think of my love.
 Sing ditherum, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

NOW PHŒBUS GILDS.

Recit.



Now Phœbus gilds the Orient skies, the lark



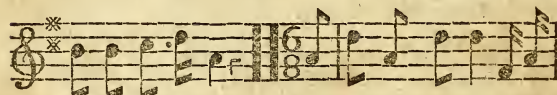
begins the lay, The sonorous horn bids sportsmen



rise, to hail the new-born day: The hounds are out,



their cheerful notes resound, while distant hills re-



turn it all around.

O'er hill and o'er dale, over



ditches or pale, as swift as the wind we pur-sue, as



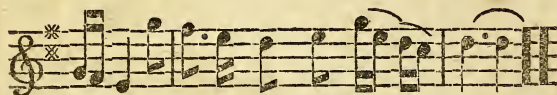
swift as the wind we pur - - sue, the fox or the hare,



or the swift footed deer, no matter what sport is in



view - - -



- - - No matter what sport is in view.

Health waits on the chace,
 Paints with blushes the face,
 Spleen and vapours are left in the rear
 The brooks and the floods,
 And the deep embrown'd woods,
 Delightful around us appear.

To the sports of the field
 All others must yield,
 For hunting's of ancient renown ;

Kings and princes, of old,
Have this pastime extoll'd,
Royal hunters have sat on the throne.

Hills and vallies o'erpass,
Now homeward we haste,
And our mistresses hearty embrace:
New strength we obtain,
By our sports on the plain,
For strength still attends on the chase.

Now the bowl comes in view,
Which with glee we pursue,
And thus happily finish the day:
To the huntress divine,
To Diana we join,
While each chorus loudly huzza.

SONG LXXVII.

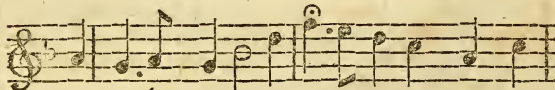
HOOLY AND FAIRLY.



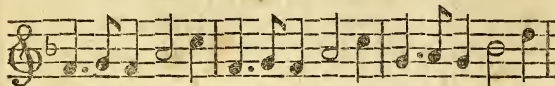
Oh! what had I a - do for to marry; My wife she



drinks naething but sack and canary, I to her friends



complain'd right airly: O gin my wife wou'd drink



hooly and fairly, Hooly and fairly, Hooly and fairly;



O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie,
Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
That carried me thro' the dub and the larie.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things, I wad na much care,
She drinks my claiths I canna well spare,
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a baubee, she'll scald and she'll curse;
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet and sparely.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life,
E'er it come to a war, I am ay for a parley.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she fills hersel fou;
And when she is fou, she's unco' camsterie.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the casey, she roars and she rants,
Has nae dread o' her nibours, nor minds the house wants,
But sings some fool-fang, Tak' up your heart Charlie.

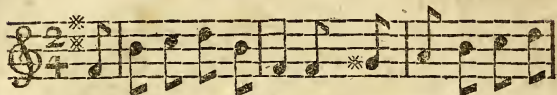
Oh! gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jades,
And I my ainsel an auld cuckold carlie,

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.



Dear Kathleen you no doubt find Sleep how very



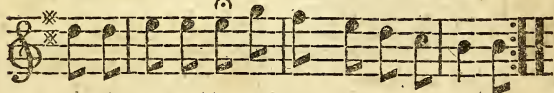
sweet 'tis, Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out you ne-



ver dream how late 'tis. This morning gay, I



post away, to have with you a bit of play, on two legs



rid a-long to bid, good morrow to your night cap.

Last night a little browfy,
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Bloufy
 To let me sit beside her;
 Her anger rose,
 And four as floes,
 The little gipsy cock'd her nose.
 Yet here I've rid along to bid,
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

SONG LXXIX.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

Moderato.

How stands the glass around? For

How stands the glass a - round? For

flame! ye take no care, my boys. How stands the

flame! ye take no care, my boys. How

glass around? Let mirth and wine a-

stands the glass around? Let mirth and wine a-

bound. The trum-pets found, the colours

they are flying, boys, to fight, kill, or wound, may

we still be found, con - tent with our hard

fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What, fighting? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain,
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But, if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

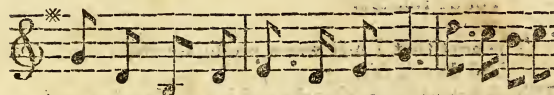
SONG LXXX.
THE CONTENTED MAN.



The man that's contented is void of all care,



Tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy, He far o.



ver tops the foul slave-ry of fear, Tol de rol tol



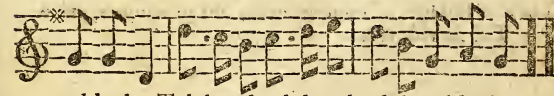
de rol tol de rol la dy. A mind that's serene, and



a body in health, gives a man all the pleasure



and grandeur of wealth. Tol de rol la dy, Tol de



rol la dy, Tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy.

Last day I went out with a heart full of joy,
Tol de rol, &c.

Which nothing but vice or sharp pain could annoy ;
Tol de rol, &c.

The first that I met was a miser, whose gloom
Shew'd a soul that was muddy, and straiten'd in room.
Tol de rol, &c.

In Britain's fair island there's none to be seen
Tol de rol, &c.

Of more fullen, selfish, and sordid a mein ;
Tol de rol, &c.

Regardless of honour, a slave to his gold,
Despis'd of the young, and contemn'd of the old,
Tol de rol, &c.

The next that I met was a profligate ass,
Tol de rol, &c.

Whose brains were of cork, and his forehead of brass ;
Tol de rol, &c.

By game he was galloping thro' his estate,
And mis'ry attended his sad sinking fate.

O place me, kind heav'n ! in what station you please,
Tol de rol, &c.

So my body's in health, and my soul be at ease ;
Tol de rol, &c.

By command of myself, independent and free,
Contentment shall still be a pleasure to me.
Tol de rol, &c.

O rather in a cottage may I be fed .
Tol de rol, &c.

With roots the most common, and coarsest brown bread,
Tol de rol, &c.

Than to riot with luxury, fopp'ry, and vice,
They're the loss of contentment, too precious a price.
Tol de rol, &c.

Let rakes ramble after their harlots and wine,

Tol de rol, &c.

'Till with poxes and palsies their carcases dwine ;

Tol de rol, &c.

Grow old while they're young, and have wasted their store,

While the vot'ries of Virtue are blithe at fourscore.

Tol de rol, &c.

The thunder may roar, and the hurricanes make

Tol de rol, &c.

The ocean to boil, and the forests to shake ;

Tol de rol, &c.

The light'ning may flash, and the rocks may be rent,

But nothing can ruffle the mind that's content.

This world's well freighted with wonders in store,

Tol de rol, &c.

And we're sent into it to think and explore ;

Tol de rol, &c.

And when the due summons shall call us away,

No more's to be said, but contented obey.

Tol de rol, &c.

SONG LXXXI.
THE LAND OF DELIGHT.



As you mean to set sail for the land of de-



light, And in wedlock's soft hammock to swing ev'ry



night; If you hope that your voyage suc-cess-ful



shou'd prove, Fill your sails with affection, your ca-



bins with love. If you hope that your voyage



successful shou'd prove, fill your sails with affec-



tion, your cabins with love. Fill your sails with



affection, your ca - bins with love.

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever upright,
And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight ;
Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

But if vapours and whims, like sea-sickness, prevail,
You must spread all your canvas, and catch the fresh gale,
For, if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a rough
 sea,
You must lower your top-sail, and scud under lee.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their
 wives ;
For the smoother we sail, boys, we're safest from harm,
And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the helm.

Then list to your pilot, my boys, and be wise ;
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one, but you double Cape Horn.

SONG LXXXII.

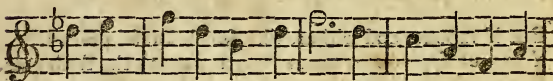
THE LITTLE MAN AND MAID.



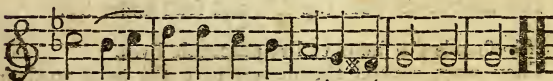
There was a little man, and he woo'd a little



maid, And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed wed.



I have little more to say, than will you, aye or



nay, For little said is soon - est mended - ed.

The little maid reply'd, Little Sir, you've little said,

To induce a little maiden to wed;

You must say a little more, and produce a little store,

'Ere I to the church will be led.

The little man reply'd, If you'll be my little bride,

I will raise my little note a little higher:

Tho' I've little for to prate, yet my little heart is great,

By the little god of love I'm on fire.

The little maid reply'd, If I be your little bride,
Pray, what would you give me to eat?
Would the flame that you're so rich in, put a fire into
the kitchen,
Or the little god of love stir the spit?

The little man reply'd, and some say a little cry'd,
For his little heart was fill'd with sorrow,
With the little that I have I will be your little slave,
And the rest, my little dear, we will borrow.

Thus did the little gent. make the little maid relent,
For her little heart began for to beat;
Tho' his offers were but small, she accepted of them all,
Now she thanks her little stars for her fate.

SONG LXXXIII.

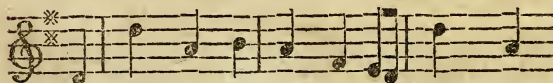
DONNEL AND FLORA.



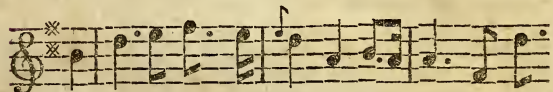
When merry hearts were gay, Careless of ought



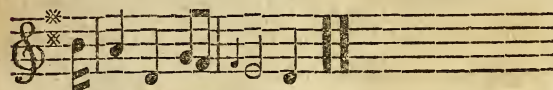
but play, Poor Flo-ra slipt away, sad'ning to Mo-



ra, Loose flow'd her coal black hair, quick heav'd



her bosom bare, And thus to the troubled air



she vented her for-row.

“ Loud howls the northern blast,

“ Bleak is the dreary waste ;—

“ Haste, then, O Donnel, haste,

“ Haste to thy Flora.

“ Twice twelve long months are o'er,

“ Since in a foreign shore,

“ You promis'd to fight no more,

“ But meet me in Mora.

- “ Where now is Donnel dear?
“ Maids cry with taunting sneer,
“ Say, is he still sincere
 “ To his lov’d Flora.
“ Parents upbraid my moan;
“ Each heart is turn’d to stone—
“ Ah Flora! thou’rt now alone,
 “ Friendless in Mora.

“ Come then, O come away,
“ Donnel no longer stay;
“ Where can my rover stray
 “ From his dear Flora.
“ Ah sure he ne’er could be
“ False to his vows and me.
“ O heav’n, is not yonder he
 “ Bounding in Mora.”

“ Never, O wretched fair,”
(Sigh’d the sad messenger)
“ Never shall Donnel mair
 “ Meet his lov’d Flora.
“ Cold, cold beyond the main
“ Donnel thy love lies slain;
“ He sent me to soothe thy pain
 “ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,
“ Headed by brave Burgoyne;
“ Our heroes were thrice led on
 “ To British glory.
“ But ah! tho’ our foes did flee,
“ Sad was the loss to thee,
“ While ev’ry fresh victory
 “ Drown’d us in sorrow.”

“ Here, take this trusty blade,”
(Donnel expiring said)
“ Give it to yon dear maid
 “ Weeping in Mora;
 O

“ Tell her, O Allan tell,
“ Donnel thus bravely fell,
“ And that in his last farewell,
“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out poor Flora,
“ Oh Donnel! O welladay!”
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away,
Feebly in Mora.

SONG LXXXIV.

MY JO JANET.



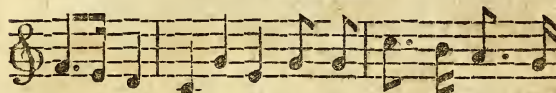
O sweet Sir, for your courtesie, When you come



by the Bafs, then, And for the love ye bear to me,



buy me a keeking glafs, then. Keek into the



draw-well, Janet, Janet, And there ye'll fee your



bonny fell, My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,

What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir?

Syne a' my kin will fay and swear,

I drown'd mysel for fin, Sir.

Had the better be the brae,

Janet, Janet;

Had the better be the brae,

My jo Janet.

O ij

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen, then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

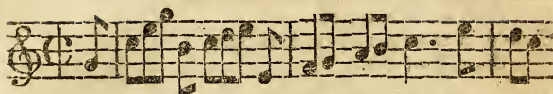
But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawkin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
O' me they will ke taukin.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse, then.
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
Janet, Janet ;
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet,
But like it never wale a man,
My-jo Janet.

SONG LXXXV.

O GREEDY MIDAS.



O greedy Midas, I've been told, that what



you touch you turn to gold, that what you touch



you turn to gold.

O had I but a pow'r



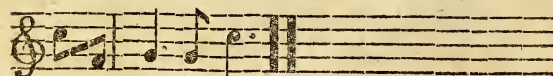
like thine, O had I but a pow'r like thine, I'd tu - -



--- rn, I'd



turn whate'er I touch to wine. I'd turn whate'er



I touch to wine.

O iij

Each purling stream shou'd feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn,

Each fish, &c.

And wond'ring at the mighty change,

And wond'ring, &c.

Shou'd in their native regions burn,

Shou'd in, &c.

Nor shou'd there any dare t' approach

Unto my mantling sparkling shrine,

Unto my, &c.

But first shou'd pay their votes to me,

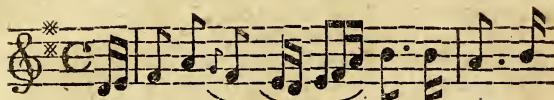
But first, &c.

And stile me only god of wine.

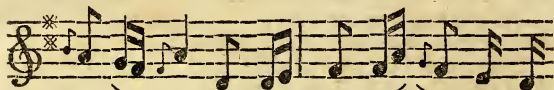
And stile, &c.

SONG LXXVIII. 86

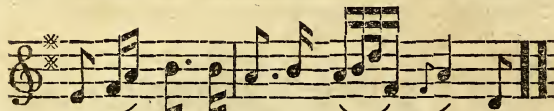
TWINING THE PLAIDEN.



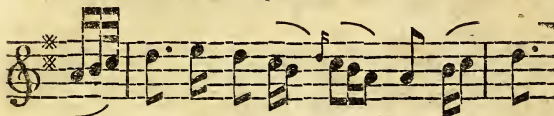
O I hae lost my filken snood, that tied my



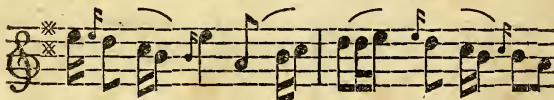
hair so yellow, I've given my heart to the



lad I lood, he was a gallant fellow.



And twine it weel my bonny dow, and twine



it weel the plaiden, the lassie lost her filken



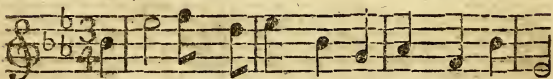
snood, in putting of the bracken.

He prais'd my e'en sae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin, O,
 And fyne he prie'd my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae fin, O.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

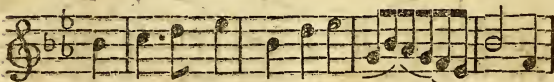
But he has left the las he-loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

SONG LXXXVII.

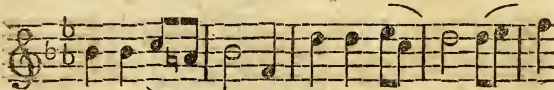
COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMEN.



Come rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry,



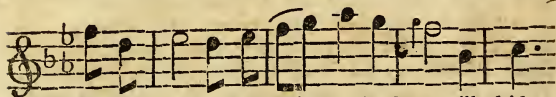
We've got a strong scent, and a favouring sky, we've



got a strong scent we've got a strong scent we've got



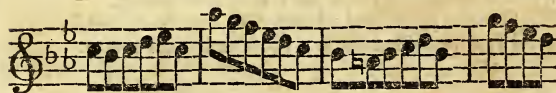
a strong scent and a favouring sky. The horns



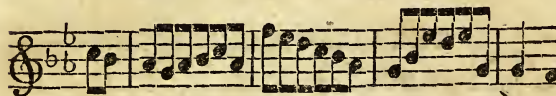
sprightly notes and the lark's early song will chide



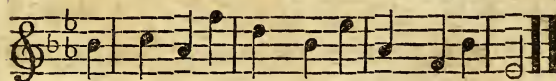
the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long, will



chide



will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long,



will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace,
He soon will be up; for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

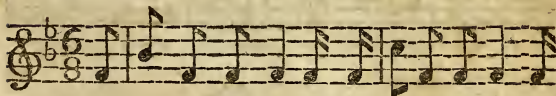
Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown,
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly,
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring,
To George peace and plenty may heaven dispense;
And fox hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

SONG LXXXVIII.

THE OLD WOMAN'S SONG.



Old women we are, and as wise in the chair, and



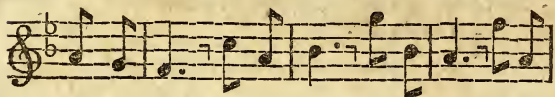
as fit for the quorum as men. We can scold



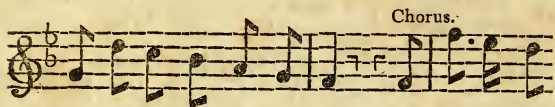
on the bench, and ex-a-mine a wench, and



like them, and like them, and like them can be wrong

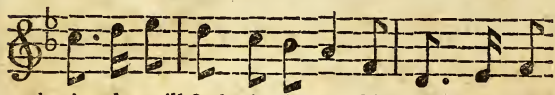


now and then, now and then, now and then, and like

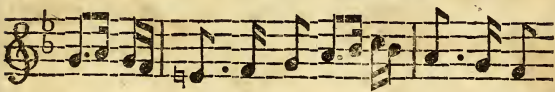


Chorus.

them can be wrong now and then. For look the world



thro' and you'll find, nine in ten, Old wo - men can



do, Old wo - men can do, Old wo-men can



do, as much as old men.

We can hear a sad case, with a no-meaning face,
And tho' shallow, yet seem to be deep;
Leave all to the clerk, and when matters grow dark,
Their worships had better go sleep.
For look, &c.

When our wisdom is task'd, and hard questions are
ask'd,
We answer them best with a snore;
We can mump a tit bit, and can joke without wit,
And what can their worships do more.
For look, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

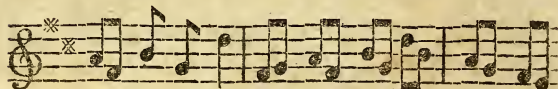
WHEN MY WIFE IS LAID IN GROUND.



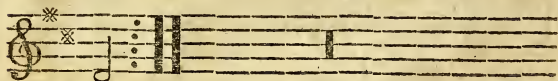
O what pleasures will abound, When my wife



is laid in ground. Let earth cover her, we'll



dance over her, when my wife is laid in

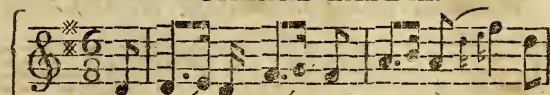


ground.

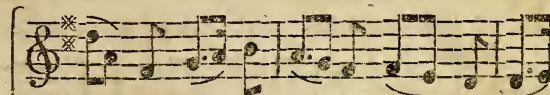
Oh how happy should I be,
 Wou'd little Nyfa pig with me ;
 How I'd mumble her, touze and tumble her,
 Wou'd little Nyfa pig with me.

THE MUSICAL
SONG XC.

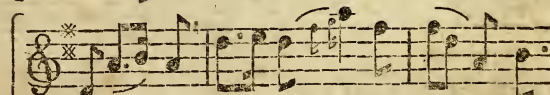
THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



The law-land lads think they are fine, But



O they're vain and i - dly gawdy; How much



un-like that graceful mein, And manly looks



of my Highland laddie. O my bon - ny



Highland laddie, My handsome smiling Highland

laddie, may heav'n still guard, And lovereward, the law-

land lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and daddy ;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

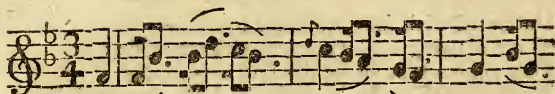
A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kifs, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG XCI.

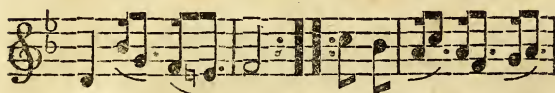
WHY HEAVES.



Why heav'es my fond bo-som! Ah! what can



it mean : Why flut - ters my heart which was



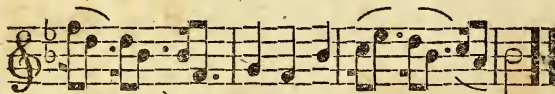
once so se - rene. Why this sigh-ing and



trembling, when Daphne is near; Or why when



she's ab - sent, this for-row and fear; Or



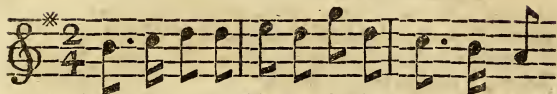
why when she's absent, this for-row and fear.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face ;
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unfullied by pride,
There native good humour, and virtue reside ;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

SONG XCII.

SINCE YOU MEAN TO HIRE.



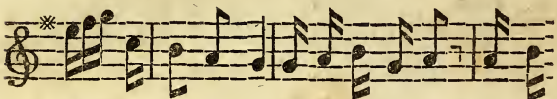
Since you mean to hire for servicc, come with me,



you jol-ly dog. You can help to bring home har-



vest, You can help to bring home harvest, 'tend the



sheep, and feed the hog. Farra diddle dol, Farra



diddle dol, tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt-beef, and cabbage,
 Butter, milk, and oaten bread.
 Farra diddle, &c.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home ;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your strum strum.
Farra diddle, &c.

Done, strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse ;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.
Farra diddle, &c.

SONG CXIII.

BY THE GAILY.



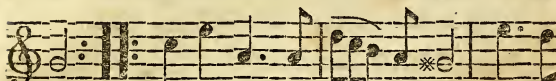
By the gaily circling glaſs, We can ſee how mi-



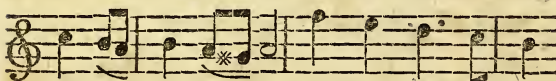
nutes paſs. By the hollow caſk we're told How the wa-



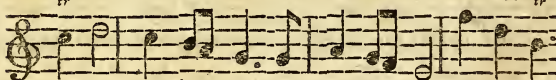
ning night grows old, How the waning night grows



old. Soon, too ſoon, the bu - fy day drives us



from our ſport a-way, What have we with day



to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you! Sons of care



'twas made for you!

By the filence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretel the approach of morn.
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glafs,
 Let no precious moment flip;
 Flout the moralizing afs,
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

SONG CXIV. 94

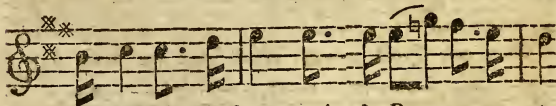
HIGHLAND MARCH.



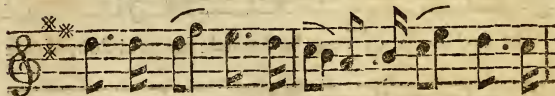
In the garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old



Rome, From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia



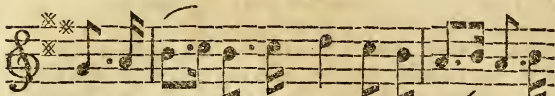
we come: On those mountains the Romans attempt-



ed to reign; But our ancestors fought and they



fought not in vain. Tho' no ci - ty nor court



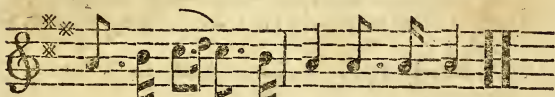
of our garment ap-rove, 'Twas pre-sent-ed by



Mars, at a fe - nate to Jove, And when Pallas



observ'd at a ball 'twou'd look odd, Mars receiv'd



from his Venus, a smile and a nod.

No intemperate tables our finews unbrace ;
 Nor French faith nor French fopery, our country dis-
 grace :
 Still the hoarse sounding pipe breaths the true martial
 strain,
 And our hearts still the true Scottish valour retain.
 'Twas with anguish and woe, that, of late, we beheld
 Rebel forces rush down from the hills to the field ;

For our hearts are devoted to George and the laws ;
And we'll fight, like true Britons, in liberty's cause.

But still, at a distance from Briton's lov'd shore,
May her foes, in confusion, her mercy implore !
May her coasts ne'er with foreign invasions be spread,
Nor detested rebellion again raise it's head !
May the fury of party and faction long cease !
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase !
And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
kind.

SONG XCV.

To the foregoing Tune.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's
cause ;

We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
applause,

And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Arc swift as the roe which the hind doth assail :
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted, till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
kind ;
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause,
That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and ap-
plause,
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

Q

THE MUSICAL
SONG CXVI.
CORN-RIGS.

96

My Pa-tie is a lo - - ver gay, His mind

is ne - ver mud-dy, His breath is sweeter

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-

dy. His shape is handsome, middle

fize, He's stately in his wa'king, the

shining of his een fur-prize, 'Tis heav'n

to hear him ta-wking.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn-rigs are bonny!

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chafely should be granting :
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.

SONG XCVII.

To the foregoing Tune.

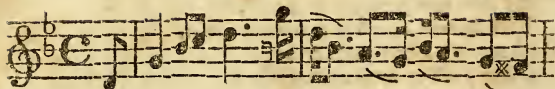
LORD, what care I for mam or dad ?
 Why let them scold and bellow ;
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.
 The last fair day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well, O,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow ;
 Says he, my dear. I'll see you home,
 I thank'd the charming fellow.
 You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,
 Ye bells ring out my knell, O,
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, my sweetest Nell, O,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light,
 Lord, what a charming fellow !
 You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,
 Ye bells ring out my knell, O ;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

SONG XCVIII.

SWEET ANNIE.



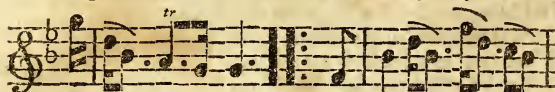
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came, Where



Jocky speel'd the ves-sel's side, Ah! wha can

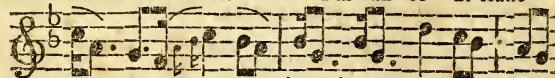


keep their heart at hame, When Jocky's toft

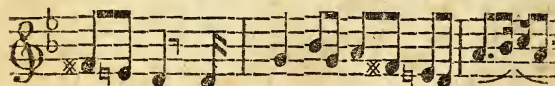


a-boon the tide.

Far aff to di-stant



realms he gangs, Yet I'll prove true as he



has been; And when ilk las a-bout him



thrangs, He'll think on Annie, his faith-ful ane.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gi'e:
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toft up and down the ansome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
To see his friend his love betray:
For a' your songs and verse are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in filler shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

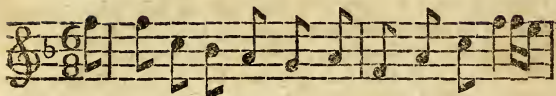
No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd fight ;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or Sylvan scenes delight.
Thus lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid ;
Thy early charms must fail,
Thy rose must droop the lilly fade,
And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,
May rise on active wing,
Again the sportive herds may play,
And hail reviving spring.
But youth, my fair, sees no return,
The pleasing bubble's o'er,
In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

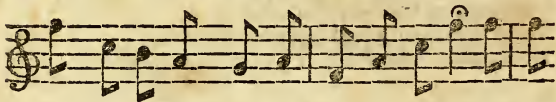
Haste, then, dear girl, the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blissful scenes of mutual love,
With some distinguish'd swain,
So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene,
Thus summer, autumn, glide away,
And winter soon prevail.

SONG C.

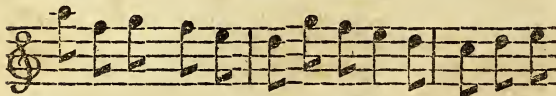
A POX OF YOUR POTHER.



A pox of your pother about this or that, your



shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat, I'm sharp



by my bumpers, you're flat master Pol, so here goes a



fet to a Tol de rol lol de rol tol de rol de



rol, tol de rol lol, tol rol tol de rol lol de rol



tol de rol lol.

Mankind are a medley, a chance medley race,
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase ;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck's all,
And luck's the best tune of life's Tol lol de rol, &c.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will-o'-the-wisp, the fools scamper ;
Ding-dong, in sing-song, they the lady extol,
Pray what's all this fuss for, but Tol lol de rol, &c.

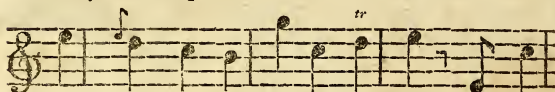
I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old song ;
The world's but a tragedy-comedy droll,
Where all act the scene of Tol lol de rol, &c.

SONG CI.

MY FOND SHEPHERDS.



My fond shepherds of late were so blest, Their



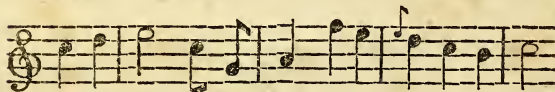
fair nymphs were so hap-py and gay, That each



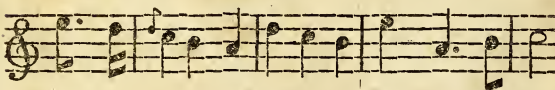
night they went safely to rest, And they mer-rily



fung thro' the day. But ah! what a scene



must appear, Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er,



Shall the tabor, the tabor no more strike the ear,



Shall the dance on the green be no more.

Will the flocks from their pastures be led,
Must the herds go wild straying abroad,
Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road,
Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
And shall commerce grow sick of it's tide,
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side.

SONG CII.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, and frost



and snaw on il - ka hill, And Boreas with his



blasts fae bauld, was threat'ning a' our ky to



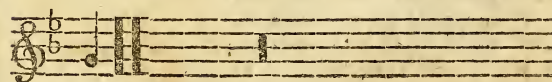
kill, Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife, She



said to me right hastily, get up gudeman, save



Crummy's life, and tak your auld cloak a - bout



ye.

R

My Crummie is a useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne ;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne ;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year ;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die ;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae take thy auld cloak about ye.

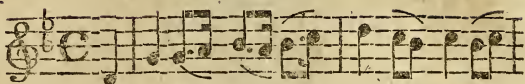
Every land has it's ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has it's hool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly ?
While I sit hurklen in the ase,
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten :

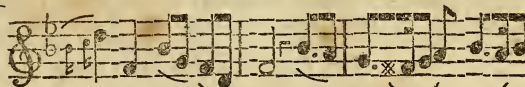
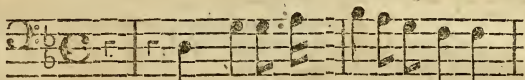
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es nae strife ;
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman :
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye give her a' the plea :
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

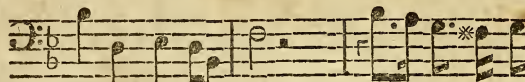
THE MUSICAL
SONG CHH.
AH! CHLORIS.



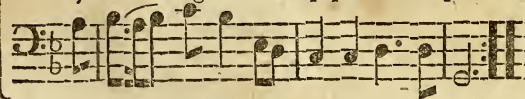
Ah! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit, as



unconcern'd as when your in - fant beau -



ty cou'd beget no hap - pi - nefs nor pain.



When I this dawning did admire, and prais'd



the co - ming day, I lit - - tle thought

that ri - sing fire, would take my rest a-

way.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prefs'd ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty, she.

S O N G C I V.

Tune—*The wealthy fool*—Page 137.

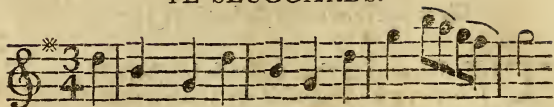
THE silver moon that shines so bright,
 I swear, with reason, is my teacher;
 And if my minute-glass runs right,
 We've time to drink another pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,
 Then why should we forsake good liquor?
 Until the sun-beams round us play,
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,
 And sleep at night, to grow much richer;
 But what is all the world can say,
 Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

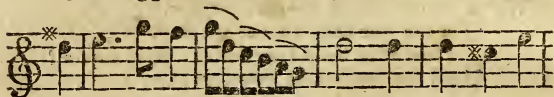
Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,
 Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
 Unvex'd I live a cheerful life,
 And boldly call for 'tother pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,
 (No sneaking milk-fop Jemmy Twitcher),
 Who loves a lass, and loves a glass,
 And boldly calls for 'tother pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

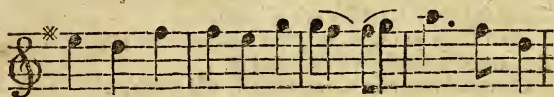
THE MUSICAL
SONG - CV.
YE SLUGGARDS.



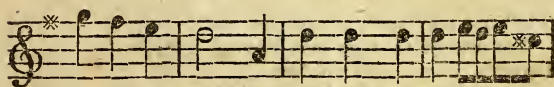
Ye sluggards who murder your life-time in sleep



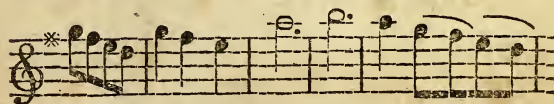
awake and pursue the fleet hare, From life say what



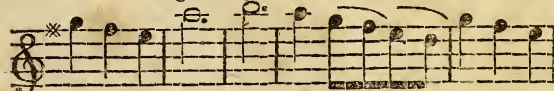
joy, say what pleasure you reap, that e'er could with



hunting compare, that e'er could with hunt - - - -



- - - - - ing compare, that e'er could with



hunting compare, that e'er could with hunting com-



The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have a view,
Nay ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
But such as accrue from the game.
While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night,
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,
O'er hills, dales, and valleys let's fly,
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply?
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures, we pass,
And desire no comfort to share,
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoil of the hare.

SONG CVI.

ALLY CROAKER.



There lived a man in Ba-le-no cra - zy, who



wanted a wife to make him un - ea - fy, Long



he had figh'd for dear Ally Croaker, And thus



the gentle youth be-spoke her, Will you marry me,



dear Al - ly Croaker, will you marry me, dear



Ally, Ally Croaker.

This artless young man, just come from his schoolery,
A novice in love, and all it's foolery;
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
Will you marry, &c.

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
He rompt with the sister, he gam'd with the brother;
He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are spending your money, whilst others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the de'il may choke her,
A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.

SONG CVII.

BIDE YE YET.



Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,



a bon-ny wee wifie to praise and admire, a



bonny wee yardie, a - fide a wee burn, fareweel

Chorus.



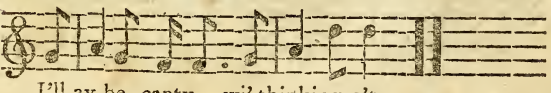
to the bodies that yammer and mourn. Sae bide ye



yet, and bide ye yet, ye little ken, what may betide



you yet; some bonny wee body may be my lot, and



I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wi wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry Papa or Dady to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
 A diff'rence a'tween my wi wifie and me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kifs her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, &c.

SONG CVIII.

WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.



When late I wander'd o'er the plain, From nymph



to nymph I strove in vain My wild desires to



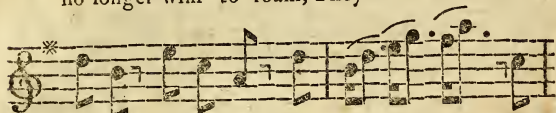
rally, to rally, My wild de - fires to rally.



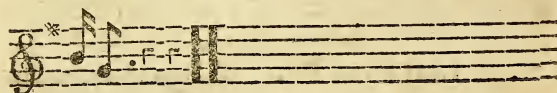
But now they're of themselves come home, and strange!



no longer wish to roam, They centre all in



Sally, in Sally, They centre all in



Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries I court but to destroy;
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, O come, thou sweeter far,
Than violets and roses are,
Or lillies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

SONG CIX.

RULE, BRITANNIA.



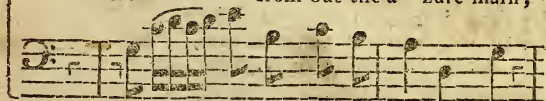
When Britain, firſt, at Heav'n's command,



When Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,



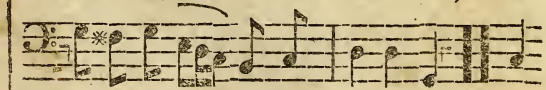
a - roſe - - - - - from out the a - zure main;



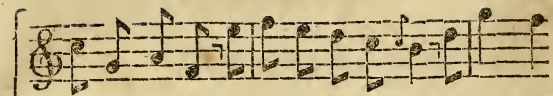
a - roſe - - - from out the a - zure main;



aroſe from out - - - the a-zure main; This



aroſe from out - - the a - zure main; This



The nations, (not so blest as thee)
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish—shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that—loud blast that tear the skies,
 Serve but to root the native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame.
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy—arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 And thine shall be the—shall be the subject main;
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair:
 Blest isle! with matchless—with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the Fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

SONG CX.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
 By the Almighty Artist's hand,
 By the Almighty Artist's hand,
 'Twas then our perfect—our perfect laws were made,
 Establish'd by his strict command.

Hail! mysterious—hail! glorious Masonry,
 That makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for shelter sought,
 In vain from place to place did roam,
 In vain from place to place did roam,
 Until from heaven—from heaven he was taught
 To plan, to build, and fix his home.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

From hence illustrious rose our art,
 And now it's beauteous piles appear,
 And now it's beauteous piles appear,
 Which shall to endless—to endless time impart,
 How worthy and how great we are.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

Nor we, less fam'd for ev'ry tye,
 By which the human thought is bound,
 By which the human thought is bound,
 Love, truth, and friendship—and friendship socially,
 Doth join our hearts and hands around.

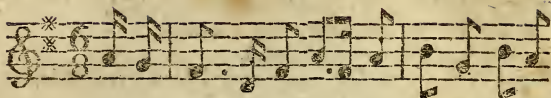
Hail! mysterious, &c.

Our actions, still by virtue blest,
 And to our precepts ever true,
 And to our precepts ever true,
 The world admiring,—admiring, shall request
 To learn, and our bright paths pursue.

Hail! mysterious—hail! glorious Masonry,
 That makes us great, and good, and free.

SONG CXI.

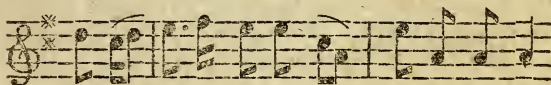
NO BODY.



If to force me to sing, it be your inten-



tion, Some one I will hint at, yet no body men-



tion, no body, you'll cry, pshaw, that must be stuff,



at singing I'm no body, That's the first proof.

Chorus.



No, no body, No, no-body, No body,



no body, no body, no.

No body's a name every body will own,
When something they ought to be ashamed of have done;
'Tis a name well apply'd to old maids and young beaux,
What they were intended for, no body knows.

No, no body, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
The fault is still laid on poor no body's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When no body's blamed for it, is not that odd?

No, no body, &c.

No body can tell you the pranks that are play'd,
When no body's by, betwixt master and maid:
She gently cries out, Sir, they'll some body hear us,
He softly replies, my dear, no body's near us.

No, no body, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
When favours are granted, no body's rewarded;
And when she's examin'd, cries, mortals, forbid it,
If I'm got with child, it was no body did it.

No, no body, &c.

When by stealth the gallant the wanton wife leaves,
The husband affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;
He rouses himself, and cries loudly, Who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and says, no body, dear.

No, no body, &c.

Enough now of no body, sure has been sung,
Since no body's mention'd, nor no body's wrong'd;
I hope, for free speaking, I may not be blamed,
Since no body's injur'd, nor no body's nam'd.

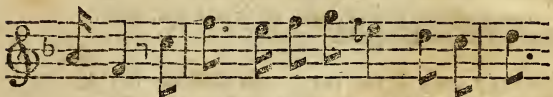
No, no body, &c.

SONG CXII.

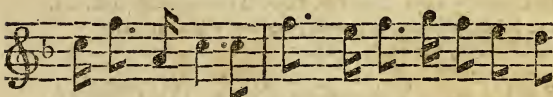
THE MAID IN BEDLAM.



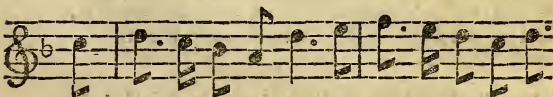
One morning, very early; one morning, in



the spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-



ful-ly did sing, Her chains she rattl'd on her hands



while sweetly thus sung she, I love my love, because



I know, my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
And cruel, cruel, was the ship, that bore my love from me,
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've
ruin'd me.

For I love my love, &c.

O ! should it please the pitying pow'rs, to call me to
the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly,
For to guard him from all dangers, how happy should
I be ?

For I love my love, &c.

I'll make a flow'ry garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine :
And I will present it to my love, when he returns from
sea.

For I love my love, &c.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast ;
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest ;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be.
For I love my love, &c.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love
might spy :
But ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see.
Yet I love my love, &c.

Whilst thus she sung, lamenting, her love was come on
shore,
He heard she was in Bedlam : then did he ask no more ;
But straight he flew to find her, while thus replied he :
I love my love, &c.

O Sir, do not affright me : are you my love, or not ?
Yes, yes, my dearest Molly ; I fear'd I was forgot.
But now I'm come to make amends for all your injury,
And I love my love, &c.

SONG CXIII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

To the foregoing Tune.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening
in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
They fung their little notes of love; they fung them
o'er and o'er.

Ah! gramachree, mo challeenouge, mo Molly afore.

The daify pied, and all the sweets the dawn of nature
yields;

The primrose pale, the vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the
fields;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies, of her whom I adore.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Mol-
ly's hate.

How can she break the honest heart, that wears her in
it's core?

Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear; ah! why did I be-
lieve?

Yea, who could think such tender words were meant but
to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth; nay heav'n could
give no more.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds, that yon green
 pastures fill,
 With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sat courting on a
 bough,
 I envy'd them their happiness to see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas!
 'tis o'er,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then, fare thee well, my Molly dear? thy loss I still
 shall moan,
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for
 thee alone.
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee it's choicest bless-
 ings pour!
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

SONG CXIV.

To the foregoing Tune.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could in-
 jure you;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms
 wou'd make me true,
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the
 young.

But when they learn that you have bless'd another with
 your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part,
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, no fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in
 the young.

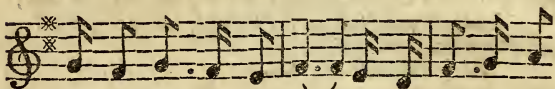
T

SONG CXV.

THE BOTTLE.



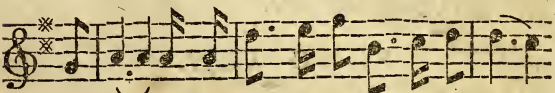
Whate'er squamish lovers may say, a mis-



trefs I've found to my mind; I en-joy her by



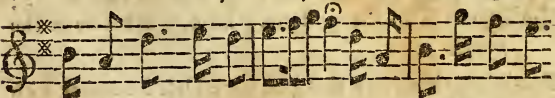
night and by day, yet she grows still more lovely



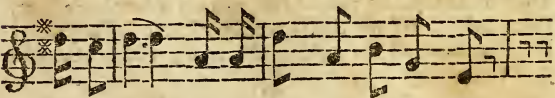
and kind: Of her beauties I ne-ver am cloy'd,



tho' I constantly stick by her side, nor despise



her because she's en-joy'd by a legion of lo-



vers be-side; For tho' thousands may broach her,



may broach her, may broach her, By Jove I shall



feel neither envy nor spleen, nor jealous can prove



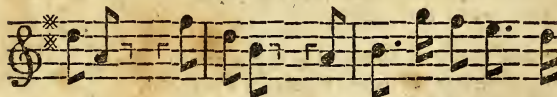
of the mistress I love, For a bottle, a



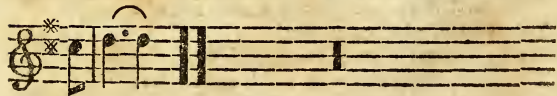
bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean, Nor



jealous can prove of the mistress I love, for a



bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress



I mean.

Should I try to describe all her merit,
With her praises I ne'er should have done ;
She's brimful of sweetness and spirit,
And sparkles with freedom and fun :
Her stature's majestic and tall,
And taper her bosom and waist,
Her neck long, her mouth round and small,
And her lips how delicious to taste !
For tho', &c.

You may grasp her with ease by the middle,
To be open'd how vast her delight,
And yet her whole sex is a riddle,
You never can stop her too tight ?
When your instrument you introduce,
To her circle and magical power,
Pop away from within flies the juice,
And your senses are drown'd in the shower.
For tho', &c.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow
From the bountiful charmer I prize,
Is sure when her head is laid low,
And her bottom's turn'd up to the skies :
Stand to her and fear not to win her,
She'll never prove peevish or coy,
And the farther and deeper you're in her,
The fuller she'll fill you will joy.
For tho', &c.

Thus naked and clasp'd in my arms,
With her my sweet moments I'd spend,
And revel the more on her charms,
When I share her delight with a friend :
To divinity, physic, or law,
Her favours I never shall grudge,
Tho' each night she may make a *faux pas*
With the bishop, the doctor, or judge,
For tho', &c.

SONG CXVI.

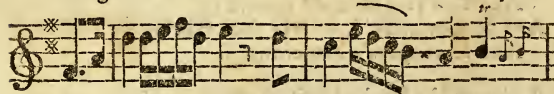
JAMIE GAY.

Affettuoso.

As Jamie Gay gae'd blythe his way, A-



long the banks of Tweed, A bon - ny lass

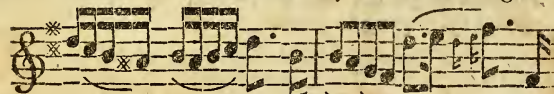


as e - ver was, came tripping o'er the

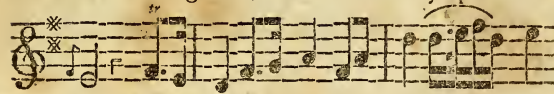


mead.

The hear - ty swain, un - taught



to feign - -, the buxom nymph fur-



vey'd ; and, full of glee, as lad could be,



be-spoke the blooming maid.

T ij

Dear lassie, tell, why by thy-fell
Thou lonely wander'ft here ?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide ;
Canst tell me, laddie, where ?
To town I hie, he made reply,
Some pleasing sport to see :
But thou'rt so neat, so trim, so sweet,
I'll seek thy ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand ;
But lik'd the youth's intent :
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rets bloom'd around ;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And lovers joys when crown'd.

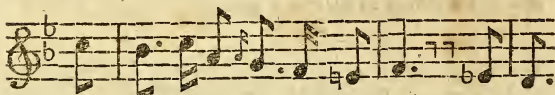
And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When, to the shade, their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid,
The lads, who scorn'd to frown :
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

SONG CXVII.

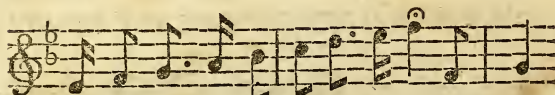
ALL YE WHO WOU'D WISH.



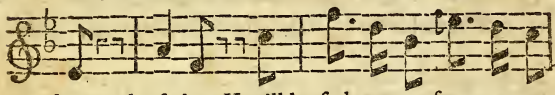
All ye who wou'd wish to succeed with a lafs,



learn how the affair's to be done; For if



you stand fooling and shy, like an afs, you'll loose



her, loose her, You'll loose her, as sure as a



gun.

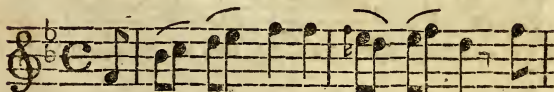
With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you, jilt you,
 She'll jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess is fine,
 But mark you the consequence, mum :
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, scorn you,
 She'll scorn you as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun ;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out.
 But mum—mum—
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

SONG CXVIII.

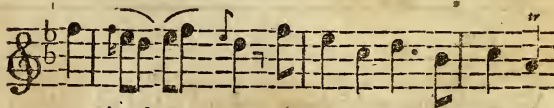
HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



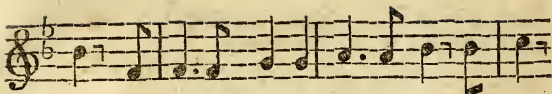
The fields were green, the hills were gay, and



birds were singing on each spray, When Colin met



me in the grove, and told me tender tales of



love Was ever swain so blythe as he, so kind,



so faithful, and so free, in spite of all my



friends cou'd say, young Colin stole my heart away, in



spite of all my friends cou'd say, young Colin stole my



heart away.

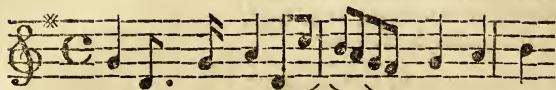
When ere he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen :
 If he's but by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care ;

Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

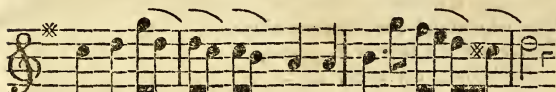
My mother chides when ere I roam,
And seems surpris'd I quit my home :
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love ;
Full well I know the gen'rous swain,
Will never give my bosom pain ;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

SONG CXIX.

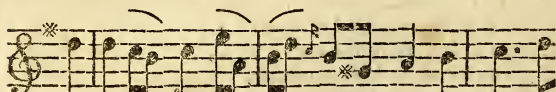
THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.



Free from the bustle, care, and strife, Of this



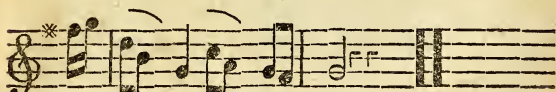
short va - rie - ga - ted life, O let me spend my days,



In rural sweetness with a friend, To whom my



mind I may unbend, Nor censure, heed or praise.



Nor censure, heed, or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth,
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great;
 'Tis these alone can make me blest,
 The riches take of east and west,
 I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
But through the well spent checker'd year,
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,
Young sensible and fair,
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And sooth my every care.

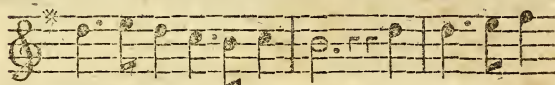
Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I cheerfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts oppress'd ;
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

SONG CXX.

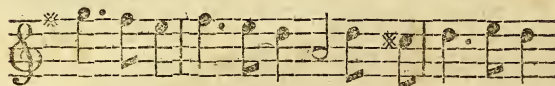
THE THING.



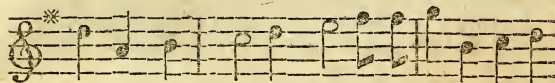
Fine songsters apologies too often use, when



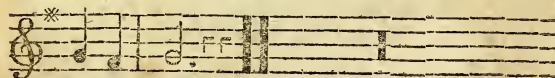
call'd on I'm ready to sing ; With hums, or with



haws ne'er attempt to refuse, And egad, Sirs, I'll



give you the thing, the thing, and egad, Sirs, I'll give



you the thing.

Conceited our beaux arm in arm walk the street,
 In idleness take their full swing ;
 Each levels his glass, when a lady they meet,
 And if handsome, they swear she's the thing.

Thus at Smithfield, the Jocky his nag will commend,
What a shape, why he's fit for the king ;
He's sound, wind and limb, on the word of a friend,
And for spirits—he's really the thing.

With smile of self-interest, the landlord imparts,
Butt-entire I always do bring ;
Old stingo, I draw, that will cherish your hearts,
And in flavour indeed 'tis the thing.

See Jenny with Jocky to playhouse repair,
Miss Brent to hear warble and sing ;
Pretenders to music they praise ev'ry air,
With I vow and protest she's the thing.

The sportsman with joy views the hare in full speed,
In ecstasy hears the sky ring ;
With cry of the hounds, and of each neighing steed,
And in transport he cries 'tis the thing.

The prude her own person consults in the glass,
Admiring her finger and ring ;
Then concludes that her beauty all others surpass,
And that man must confess she's the thing.

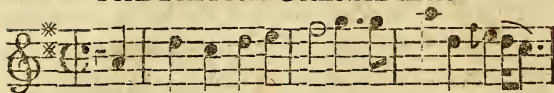
Jack Tar full of glee to the garden will stroll,
In search, Sirs, of something like l—g ;
There boards on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his foul,
She's rig'd fore and aft, quite the thing.

The parson well pleas'd trims the smoaking Sir Loin,
And flyly leers at the pudding ;
Lord bless me, he cries, how nobly I dine,
O pudding and beef is the thing.

But clasp'd in the arms of a good natur'd pair,
With mutual embraces we cling ;
That enjoyment alone dispells ev'ry care,
Which you all must allow is the thing.

SONG CXXI.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.



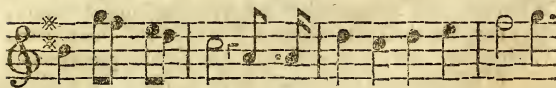
Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercu-



les, of Conon, and Lyfander, and some Miltia-

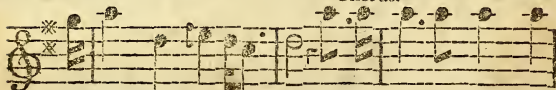


des; but of all the world's brave heroes, there's none



that can compare, with a tow, row, row, row, row, to

Chorus.



the British grenadiers. But of all the world's brave



heroes, there's none that can compare, with a tow



row, row, row, row, to the British grenadiers.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British grenadiers.
But our brave boys, &c.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses and we with hand grenades
We throw them from the glacis about our enemies ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British grenadiers.
We throw them, &c.

The god of war was pleased, and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble heroes, of our British isles ;
And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Beheld with admiration the British Grenadiers.
And all the goods celestial, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to those,
Who carry caps and pouches that wear the louped cloaths,
May they and their commanders, live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British grenadiers.
May they and their commanders, &c.

SONG CXXII.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.



Assist me ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,



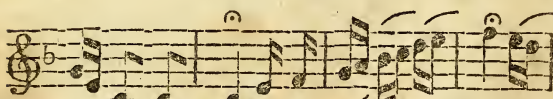
to sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle;



Where true ho-spi-ta-li-ty o-pens the door,



And friendship detains us for one bottle more,



one bottle more, arrah, one bottle more, And



friendship detains, us for one bottle, more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and sincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,
We have generous hearts, to give that bottle more.

In Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a sett
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
Four bottles a piece made us call for our score.
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart ;
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar
And the whack from shillela, brought six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light,
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottle more.

SONG CXXIII.

Tune—*Ally Croaker*—Page 203.

THRO' the fiery flames of love, I'm in a sad taking,
I'm smock'd like a hog, that's hung up for bacon,
My stomach 'tis scorch'd, like an over-done mutton-chop,
That of good gravie, wont yield you one single drop.

O love, love, love is like a giddiness,
That wont let a poor man gang about his business.

My great guts, and little guts, is burnt to a cinder;
As a hot burning-glass, burns a dishclout to tinder,
As cheese, by a hot salamander is toasted,
By the beauty of your cheeks, like mutton I am roasted;
O love, &c.

Come all you young men, who after ladies dandle,
I'm girlt like a duck's-foot, sing'd over a candle,
By this, and by 'tother, I'm treated uncivil,
Like a gizzard I am pepper'd, and then made a *Devil*.
O love, &c.

SONG CXXIV.

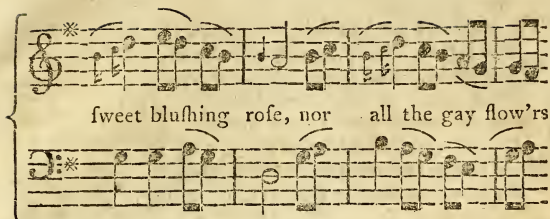
TWEED SIDE.

What beauties does Flora dif - clofe, How

sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed, yet Mary's

still sweet-er than those, both na-ture and

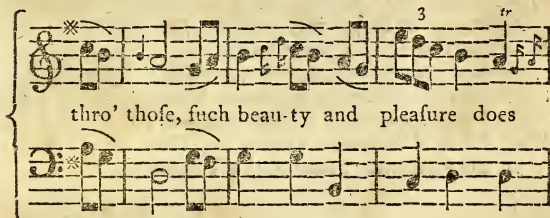
fan - cy ex - ceed. No daify, nor



sweet blushing rose, nor all the gay flow'rs



of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent-ly



thro' those, such beau-ty and pleasure does



yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the lang day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her asleep ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the fast pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell :
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do the flocks stray,
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tav,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

SONG CXXV.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN Maggy and me were acquaint,
I carry'd my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
Nor goudspink fae bonny as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express;
Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
And the women lo'ed sic a man less.
Her heart, it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed,
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

SONG CXXVI.

FOUR AND TWENTY FIDDLERS.



Four and twenty fid - lers all on a row, Four and



twenty fid - lers all on a row, there was fiddle fad-



dle fiddle and my double damme femi quible down



below.

It is my lady's holiday, there-



fore let us be mer-ry.

- 2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there was hey rub a dub ho rub a dub fiddle fiddle, &c.
- 3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there was tantara rara tantara rara hey rub a dub, &c.
- 4 Four and twenty coblers all on a row, there was flab awland cabler and cabler and flabawl tantara rara, &c.

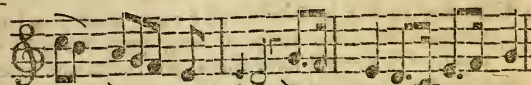
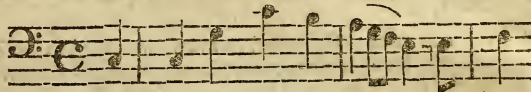
- 5 Four and twenty fencing masters all on row, there was
push carte and teirce down at heel cut him acrofs,
stab awl and cobbler, &c.
- 6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was Oh!
d—n me kick him down stairs push carte and teirce, &c.
- 7 Four twenty parsons all on a row, there was Lord
have mercy upon us, O! d—n me kick him down
stairs, &c.
- 8 Four and twenty taylors all on a row, one caught a louse,
another let it loose and another cried knock him down
with the goose, Lord have merey upon us, &c.
- 9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was bag
whigs, short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave for a
penny, Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er
a shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
- 10 Four and twenty Quakers, all on a row, there was
Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and
Jacob peopled the twelve tribes of Israel, with bag
wigs, short bobes, toupees, long ques, shave for a
penny, Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er
a shirt, one caught a louse, another let it loose, and
another cried knock him down with the goose, Lord
have mercy upon us, Oh d—n me kick him down
stairs, push carte and teirce, down at heel cut him
acrofs, stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler and stab awl,
tantara rera, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, ho rub a
dub, fiddle fiddle fiddle and my double damme semi
quibble down below, It is my lady's holiday, there-
fore let us be merry.

SONG CXXVII.

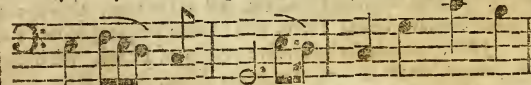
THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.



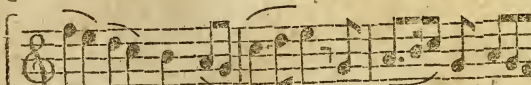
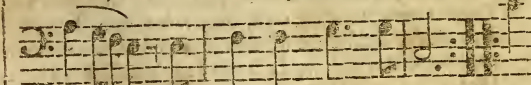
The lass of Peatie's mill, So bon-



ny blythe and gay, In spite of all my



skill, hath stole my heart away. When



tedding of the hay, bare-headed on



the green, Love 'midst her locks did play,

And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth ;
 Breasts rising in their dawn ;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks, they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
 Hoptouns high mountains fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peatie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

SONG CXXVIII.

FROM THE EAST BREAKS THE MORN.



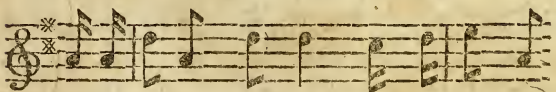
From the east breaks the morn, see the sun beams a-



dorn The wild heath and the mountains so high,



The wild heath and the mountains so high,



Shrilly opes the staunch hound, the steed neighs to



the found, And the floods and the valleys re - - - - -



ply, And the floods and the valleys re-ply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar,
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods how great the delight,
How our mutual sensations refine,
Where is care, where is fear,
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
Lo each pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole,
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG CXXIX.

To the foregoing Tune.

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run,
 Well who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and gun.

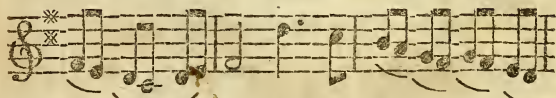
For exercise air
 To the field I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find
 No flings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

SONG CXXX.

RAIL NO MORE.



Rail no more, ye learned asses, 'Gainst the joys



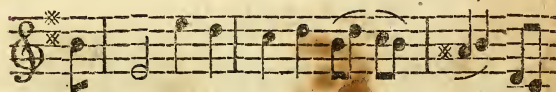
the bowl supplies ; Sound it's depth, and fill your



glasses, Wisdom at the bottom lies. Fill them



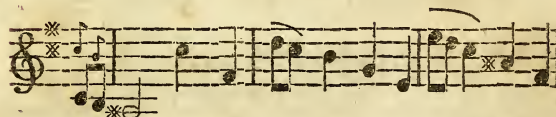
higher, still and higher; Shallow draughts perplex



the brain; Sipping quenches all our fire, Bum-



pers light it up again - - - - -



- - - n. Sipping quenches all our fire, Bumpers

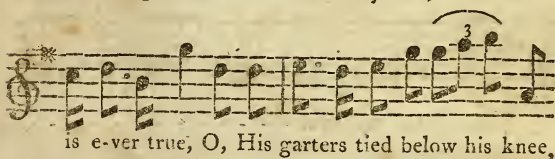
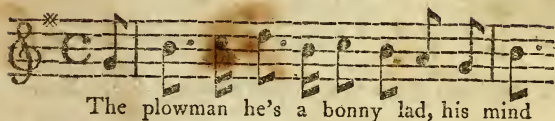


light it up a - gain.

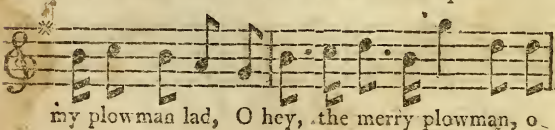
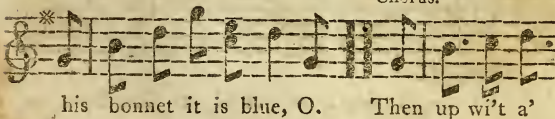
Draw the scene for wit and pleasure ;
 Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leifure ;
 Manly mirth is our employ.
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

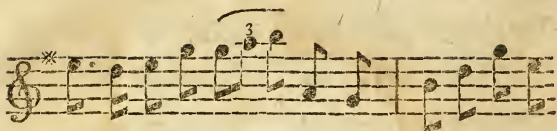
SONG CXXXI.

THE PLOWMAN.

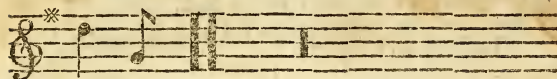


Chorus.





a' the lads that e'er I saw, commend me to the



plowman.

As I was walking in a field,
 I chanc'd to meet a plowman,
 I told him I would learn to till,
 If that he would prove true man.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

He said, my dear, take you no fear,
 But I will do my best, O!
 I'll study for to pleasure thee,
 As I have done the rest, O.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

My oxen they are stout and good,
 As ever labour'd ground, O!
 The foremost ox is lang and sma',
 The others firm and round, O.
 Then up wi't a' &c.

So he with speed did yoke his plough,
 And with a gad was driven,
 But when he came between the stils,
 He thought he was in heaven.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

The foremost ox fell in a fur,
 The other's then did founder,

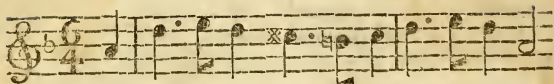
The plowman lad he breathless grew,
In troth it was nae wonder.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Plowing once upon a hill,
Below there was a flane, O!
Which gard the fire flee frae the sock,
The plowman gied a grane, O!
Then up wi't a', &c.

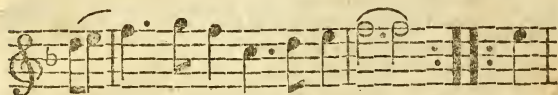
'Tis I have tilled meikle ground,
I've plowed faugh and fallow,
He that will not drink the plowman's health,
Is but a saucy fellow.
Then up wi't a', &c.

SONG CXXXII.

COME ON, MY BRAVE TARS.



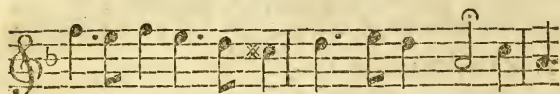
Come on my brave tars, let's away to the wars,



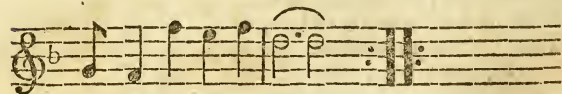
To honour and glory ad - vance; For



now we've beat Spain, let us try this campaign, To



humble the pride of old France, my brave boys, to hum-



ble the pride of old France.

See William, brave prince,
 A true blue ev'ry inch,
 Who will honour th' illustrious name :
 May he conqueror be
 O'er our empire the sea,
 And transmit British laurels to fame,
 My brave boys, &c.

Three heroes combin'd,
When the dons they could find,
Vied who should be foremost in battle ;
By no lee shore affrighted,
Altho' they're benighted,
They made British thunder to rattle,
Brave boys, &c.

See Dalrymple, Prevost,
Gallant Barrington too,
And Farmer who gloriously fell :
With brave Pearson, all knew
That the hearts of true blue,
Once rous'd, not the world could excell,
My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,
Tho' we've numberless foes,
British valour resplendant shall shine :
And we still hope to show
That their pride will be low,
In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
My brave boys, &c.

Then brave lads enter here,
And partake of our cheer,
You shall feast and be merry and sing :
With the grog at your nose,
Drink success to true blues,
Huzza ! and say God save the king,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG CXXXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

Slow.



My love was once a bon - ny lad, he was



the flower of all his kin, the absence of



his bon - ny face, has rent my ten - der heart



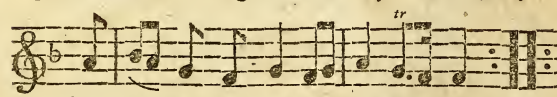
in twain. I day nor night find



no delight, in si - lent tears I still com -



plain, and exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,



that hae ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
I sigh and moan while others rest,
His absence yield me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove,
Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain ;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change,
Since parents shew such cruelty ;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
And knows not to what destiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May cease to sport upon the plain ;
But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
To send a fair and pleasant gale ;
Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
And do convey me on your tail.
Heav'n's blest my voyage with success,
While crossing of the raging main,
And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
To grace and crown our nuptial day.
Thus blest'd with charms in my love's arms,
My heart once more I will regain ;
Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

SONG CXXXIV.

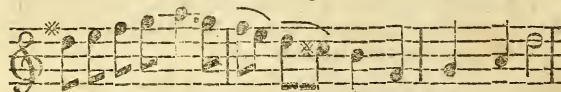
PLATO'S ADVICE.



Says Pla-to, why should man be vain? Since



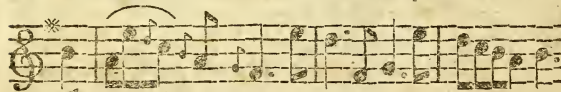
bounteous heav'n has made him great, Why looketh he with



insolent disdain On those undeck'd with wealth or state?



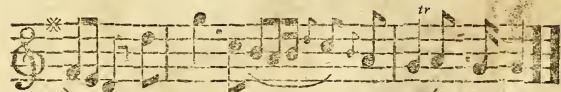
Can splendid robes, or beds of down, or costly gems



that deck the fair, Can all the glo - - - - -



... ries of a



'crown, Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie ;
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore :
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours, are no more.

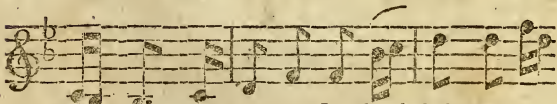
So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train ;
 But, when it's short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls !—
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
 When Jove us calls we must away.

SONG CXXXV.

JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.



When I was in my fe'nteens years, I was



baith blythe and bonny, O, the lads loe'd me



baith far and near, but I loe'd nane but



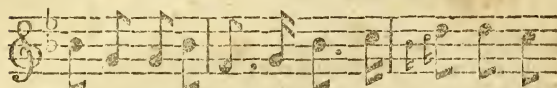
Johnny, O. He gain'd my heart in twa



three weeks, he spake fae blyth and kindly, O, and



I made him new grey breeks that fitted him most



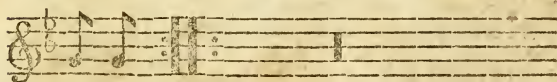
finely, O. He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,



he spake fae blyth and kindly, O, and I made



him new grey breeks, that fitted him most fine-



ly, O.

He was a handsome fellow,
His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee';
His dimpli'd chin and rosy cheeks,
And face so fair and ruddy, O,
And then a days his grey breeks,
Was neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are thread bare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be,
They're tashed like, and fair torn,
And clouted fair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a summer's day,
As I have had right mony, O,
I'll make a web o' new grey,
To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's well wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gi'e,
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
Frae fau'ts I'll strive to keep them free.
To clead him weel shall be my care,
And please him a' my study, O,
But he maun wear the auld pair,
A wee, tho' they be duddy, O,

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there was nae mony, O,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
Say, wha wou'd nae lo'e Johnny, O.
So I lo'e Johnny's grey breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
And gin we live anither year,
We'll keep them hail between us yet.

Now to conclude his grey breeks,
I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee;
Here's luck to all the grey steeks,
That shows themselves upo' the knee,

And if wi' health I'm spaired,
A wee while as I wish I may,
I shall hae them prepared,
As well as ony that's o' grey.

SONG CXXXVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

NOW smiling spring again appears,
With all the beauties of her train,
Love soon of her arrival hears,
And flies to wound the gentle swain.
How gay does nature now appear,
The lambkins frisking o'er the plain,
Sweet feather'd songsters now we hear,
While Jenny seeks her gentle swain.

Ye nymphs, Oh ! lead me thro' the grove,
Thro' which your streams in silence mourn ;
'There with my Johnny let me rove,
'Till once his fleecy flock return ;
Young Johnny is my gentle swain
That sweetly pipes along the mead,
So soon's the lambkins hear his strain,
With eager steps return in speed.

The flocks now all in sportive play
Come frisking round the piping swain,
Then fearful of too long delay,
Run bleating to their dams again,
Within the fresh green myrtle grove,
The feather'd choir in rapture sing,
And sweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning spring.

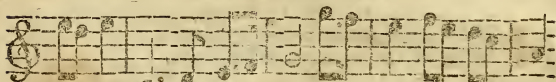
SONG CXXXVII.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

Slow.



A lass that was laden'd with care, sat hea-



vi - ly under yon thorn, I listen'd a while



for to hear, When thus she be - gan for to



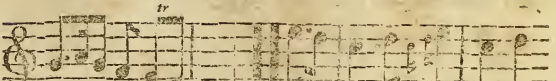
mourn: Whene'er my dear shepherd was



there, the birds did melodiously sing, and cold



nipping winter did wear a face that re-



sembled the spring. Sae merry as we twa



hae been; Sae merry as we twa hae been;



my heart it is like for to break, when I



think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently-pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in it's pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he wou'd aft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me;
 Oh! why do you thus turn away,
 From him wha is dying for thee?
 Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love,
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
 Sae merry, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



'Twas summer and softly the breezes were



blowing, and sweetly the nightingale sung from the



tree, at the foot of a rock where the river was



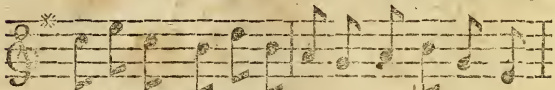
flowing, I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.



Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river, thy



banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever, for



there I first gain'd the affection and favour of



Jamie the glo-ry and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And ah ! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpless youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows ;
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
And left me to stray 'mong't the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet restore him;
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying;
The lambs on it's banks shall again be seen playing;
While I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

THUS sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree ;
But now all these hopes must vanish for ever,
Since Jamie shall ne'er see the Banks of the Dee.
On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying ;
While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded ;
Mishap on the wars that call'd him away
From a circle of friends by which he was furrounded,
Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.

Oh ! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented,
The loss of a lover so justly lamented ;
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
And all her dull hours become cheerful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her mourning,
From unjust rebellion his country to free ;
He left her, in hopes of his speedy returning
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he despis'd all dangers and perils ;
'Twas thus he espous'd Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with laurels,
The happiest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Though dreadful the thought must be unto me ;
He fell, like brave Wolfe, where the troops were victorious,
Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree :
Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

SONG CXXXIX.

To the foregoing Tune.

ALL you that are wise and think life worth enjoying,
Or soldier or sailor, by land or by sea,
In loving and laughing your time be employing ;
Your glass to your lip and your lass on your knee.
Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all sorrow !
Though we all die to-day let's be merry to morrow ;
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A moment of time to be joyous and free !
Then sing, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,
When death gives the call, from their glories must part ;
Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow !
Though you all die to-day, yet be merry to morrow !
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart !
Then sing, &c.

For riches and honour, then, why all this riot,
Your wrangling and jangling, and all your alarms ?
Arrah ! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
And take, while you can, a kind girl, to your arms.
You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow !
Though you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-morrow !
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms !
You'd better, &c.

SONG CXL.

THE WHISTLING PLOWMAN.

Recit.



The whistling plowman hails the blushing dawn,



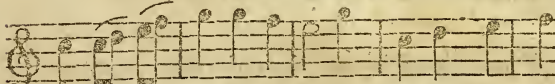
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note; Loud



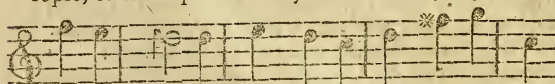
sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves, and the



lark soars to meet the rising sun. Away to the



copse, to the copse lead away, And now my boys throw



off the hounds, I'll warrant he shews us, he shews



us some play, See yonder he skulks thro' the



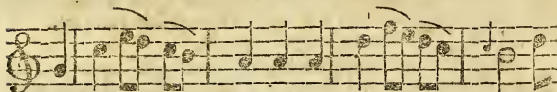
grounds - - - - - See yonder he skulks thro'



the grounds. Then spur your brisk courfers and smoke



'em my bloods 'tis a delicate scent ly - ing morn,



What concert is equal to those of the woods, be-



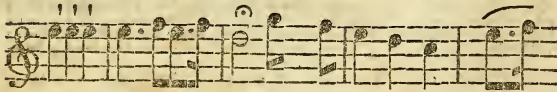
twixt echo, the hounds and the horn, the hounds and



the horn, the hounds and the horn, the hounds and



the horn, - - - - -



- - - - - betwixt echo, the hounds



and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 The cover no safety can find,
 So he breaks it and scowers amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind;
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
 His speed can no longer prevail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong;
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn,
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

SONG CXLI.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEAN.



Be - neath a green shade, a love - ly young



swain, one evening re - clin'd to dis - - co -



ver his pain.

So sad, yet so sweet -



ly he warbled his woe; The winds ceas'd



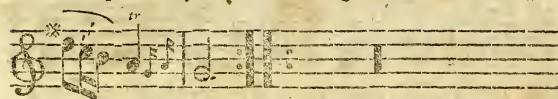
to breathe, and the fountains to flow,



Rude winds with compassion could hear him



complain; yet Chloe less gentle, was deaf



to his strain.

How happy he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
These eyes, then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey;
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they.
Now, scenes of distress please only my sight:
I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

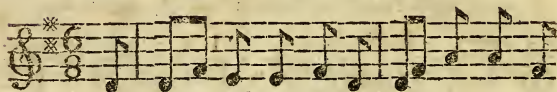
Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue :
All, all, but conspire, my griefs to renew :
From sunshine, to zephyrs and shades, we repair ;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :

But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

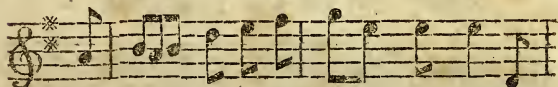
But, see the pale moon, all clouded, retires !
The breezes grow cool, not Strepon's desires !
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind ;
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care,
Since length'ning it's moments but lengthens despair ?

SONG CXLII.

WHAT POSIES AND ROSES.



Such beauties in view, I can never praise too high



not Pallas's blue eye is brighter than thine, nor



fount of Sufannah, nor gold of fair Danæ,



nor moon of Dianna so clearly can shine. Not



beard of Silenus, nor tresses of Venus, I swear by

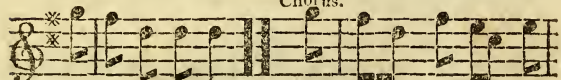


quæ genus, with your's can compare, not hermes ca-



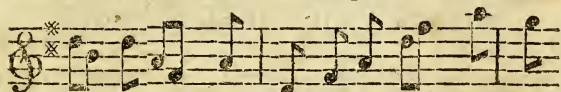
duces, nor flower delices, nor all the nine muses

Chorus.

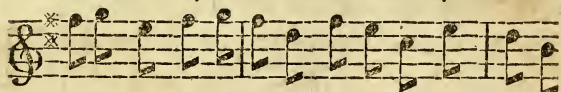


to me are so fair.

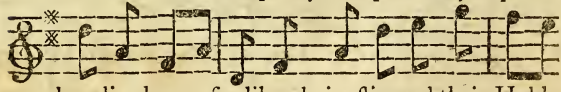
What posies and roses to



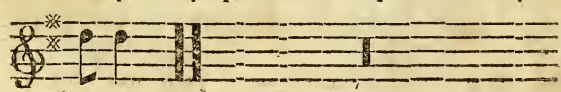
nores discloses, your breath all so sweet, your breath



all so sweet, to the tip of your lip, as they trip, the



bees lip, honey sip, like choice sip, and their Hybla



forget.

When girls like you pass us
 I saddle Pegassus,
 And ride up Parnassus,
 To Helicon's stream.

Even that is a puddle,
 Where others may muddle ;
 My nose let me fuddle

In bowls of your cream !
 Old Jove the great Hector,
 May tipple his nectar,
 Of Gods the director,

And thunder above :
 I'd quaff off a full can,
 As Bacchus, or Vulcan,
 Or Jove the old bull can

To her that I love.

What posies, &c.

SONG CXLIII.

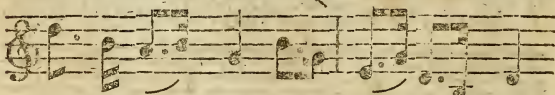
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.



'Twas within a mile of Edin-burgh town



in the ro - - fy time of the year, When



flowers was bloom'd, and grafs was down,



and each shepherd woo'd his dear, bonny



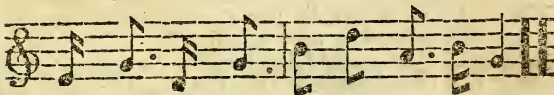
Jocky blythe and gay kifs'd sweet Jenny making



hay, the lassie blush'd and frowning said, No, no



it won - not do, I can-not, can - not



won-not, won-not, man-not buckle too.

O Jocky was a wag, that never wou'd wed,
Though long he had followed the lass,
Contented she work'd, and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonny Jocky blythe and gay,
Won' her heart right merrily,
But still she blush'd, and frowning said,
I cannot, &c.

But when that he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
 Tho' his herds and his flocks were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kiss besides,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonny Jocky blythe and gay,
 Won' her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning said,
 I cannot, &c.

SONG CXLIV.

Tune—Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae—Page 29.

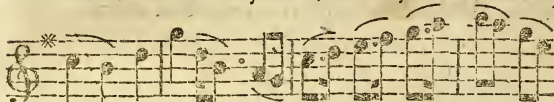
DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect :
 For women in a man delight ;
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face give way :
 To a repulse—Then be not blate ;
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when it's too late.

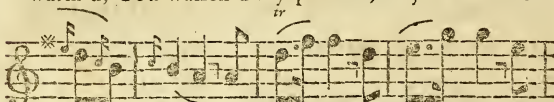
SONG CXLV.
THIS COLD FLINTY HEART.



This cold flin - ty heart, it is you who have



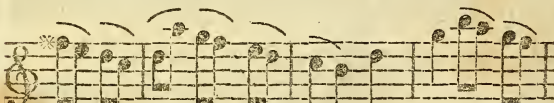
warm'd, You waken'd my passions, my sen - ses



have charm'd, You waken'd my passions, my



sen - - - ses have charm'd. In vain against me-



rit and Cy - mon I strove, What's life without



passion, sweet pas - sion of love, sweet pas-



sion, sweet passion, sweet pas - sion of love.

The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot blow,
From the youth that is frost nipp'd no rapture can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet May,
Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

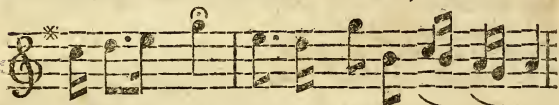
SONG CXLVI.

LEWIS GORDON.

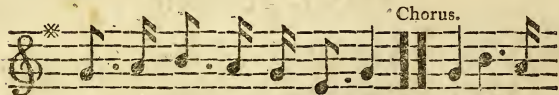
Very slow.



Oh! fend Lewis Gordon hame, And the lad



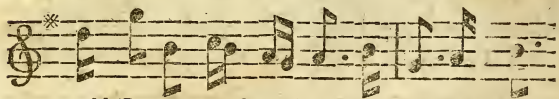
I winna name; Tho' his back be at the wa'



Here's to him that's far a-wa' Oh hon! my



Highlandman, Oh! my bonny Highlandman, weel



wou'd I my true love ken, a-mang ten thou-



sand Highlandmen.

Oh to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh heel'd shoes,
Philebeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

'The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king :
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne ;
Disasters a' wou'd disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year,

SONG CXLVII.

TULLOCHGORUM.

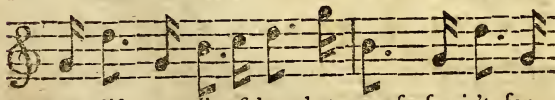
Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddle-sticks ;
But banish vile Italian tricks

Frae out your quorum :
Nor *farte's* wi' *piano's* mix,
Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

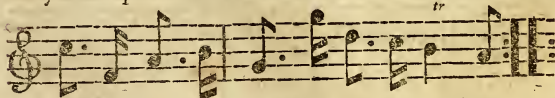
FERGUSSON.



Come gie's a fang, the la - dy cry'd, and lay



your disputes all aside, what non-sense is't for



folks to chide, for what's been done before them.



Let Whig and Tory all agree, Whig and Tory,



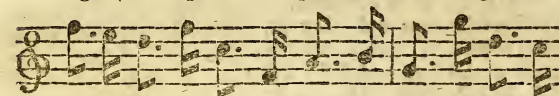
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory all a - gree, to



drop their whigmegmorum, Let Whig and Tory all



agree, to spend the night wi' mirth and glee, and



cheerfu' sing a-lang wi' me the reel of Tulloch-



go-rum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a cheerfu' quorum.

A iij

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'm.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're donff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum,

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
 And silly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

My choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quit be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum !

SONG CXLVIII.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time, indicated by a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a treble staff, and the bass line is written on a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first line of the melody and bass line. The second system contains the second line of the melody and bass line. The third system contains the third line of the melody and bass line, with a first ending marked '1' and a second ending marked '2 tr'. The fourth system contains the fourth line of the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain, and sum-mer ap - proach - ing, re-joiceth the fwain. joiceth the fwain, The Yellow hair'd Laddie wou'd often - times'.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet
plain, and sum-mer ap - proach - ing, re-
joiceth the fwain. joiceth the fwain,
The Yellow hair'd Laddie wou'd often - times

go, To wilds and deep glens, where the

hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom, he sung his loves, evening and morn.
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvens and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: tho' young Maddie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful, proud air:
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
 Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.

SONG CXLIX.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

P E G G Y.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain,
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

P A T I E.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows,
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the ewes;

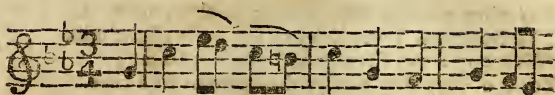
There's few Jenny Nettles, like Nancy, can sing;
At—Thro' the wood, laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lass of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can lassies trow what they desire!
When praising sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better, and sweeter, for thee.

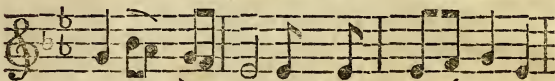
THE MUSICAL
SONG CL.
HAD NEPTUNE.



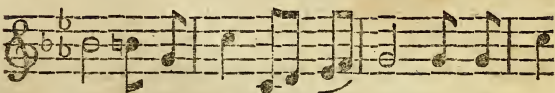
Had Neptune, when first he took charge of



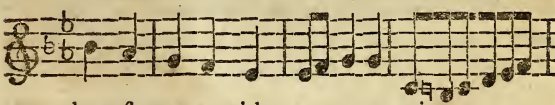
the sea, been as wife, or at least been as



mer - ry as we, he'd have thought better



o'nt, and instead of the brine, would have fill'd



the vast ocean with ge-ne-rous wine - - - -



- - - - - would have



fill'd the vast ocean with ge-ne-rous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain,
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsey, wou'd have taken his nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again,
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment, on every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough,
The birds in the air as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip would eternally sing.

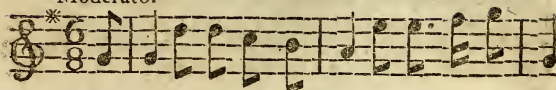
The stars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising our fancy ne'er cloy'd ;
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

WE'RE GAILY YET.

SONG CLI.

Moderato.



We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet, and we're no



very fou but we're gaily yet; then sit ye awhile, and



tipple a bit for we're no very fou, but we're



gaily yet.

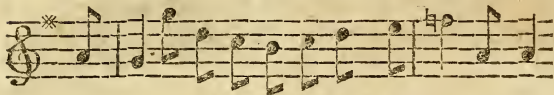
There was a lad, and they cau'd him Dick;
 He gae me a kiss, and I bit his lip;
 And down in the garden he shew'd me a trick;
 And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
 There were three lasses, and them they had.
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung;
 And we's a get geer enough, we're but young.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

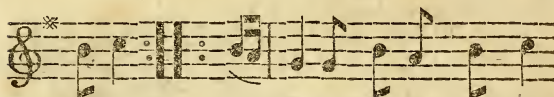
Brisk.



Then up wi't Ailey, Ailey ; up wi't Ailey now,



Then up wi't Ailey, qou' cummer, we's a' get roar-



ing fou.

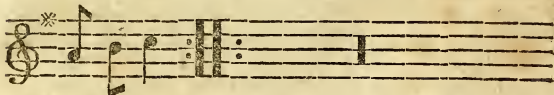
And one was kifs'd in the barn ;



Another was kifs'd on the green ; and the t'other



behind the pease-flack, till the mow flew up



to her een.

Then up wi't Ailey. &c.

Now fye, John Thomson, rin,
 Gin ever ye ran in your life ;
 De'el get ye, but hye, my dear Jock ;
 There's a man got to bed with your wife.

Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,
And I true he ran with speed;
But, before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.

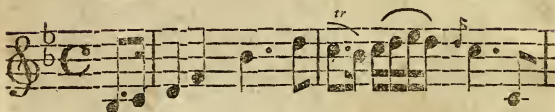
Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

(End with the first verse :

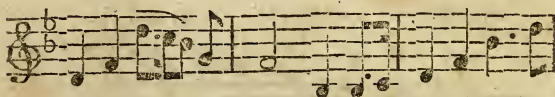
We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet, &c.)

SONG CLII.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev-e-ry fwain, I'll



tell how Peggy grieves me, tho' thus I languish



and complain, A-las ! she ne'er believes me.



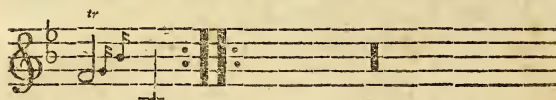
My vows and sighs, like si - lent air, un - heed-



ed, ne-ver move her, The bon-ny, Bush



a-boon Tra-quair, was where I first did



love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,

No maid seem'd ever kinder :

I thought myself the luckiest lad,

So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,

In words that I thought tender ;

If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,

The fields we then frequented ;

If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,

She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,

It's sweet's I'll ay remember ;

But now her frowns make it decay,

It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,

Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?

Oh ! make her partner in my pains,

And let her smiles relieve me :

B ij

If not, my love will turn despair;
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG CLIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

AT setting day, and rising morn:
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the Birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
 Whilt round thou didst infaid me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

SONG CLIV.

AMYNTA.



My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-



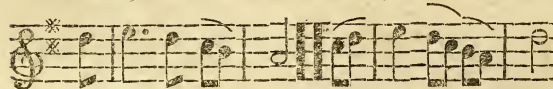
hook, And all the gay haunts of my youth I've



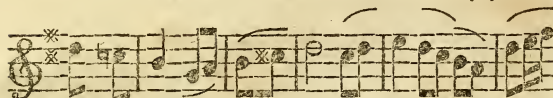
forfook; No more for A - myn - ta fresh gar-



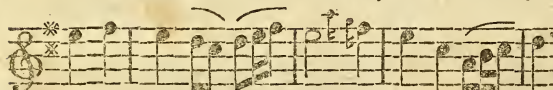
lands I wove, for ambition, I said, wou'd



soon cure me of love. O what had my youth



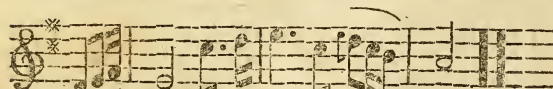
with ambition to do, why left I A-myn-



ta, why broke I my vow? O give me my sheep,



and my sheep-hook re - store, and I'll wander



from love and A-myn-ta no more.

B b iij

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me of love ;
O fool to imagine that ought can subdue,
A love so well founded, a passion so true !
O what had my youth, &c.

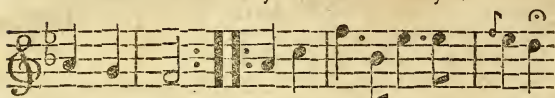
Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine ;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain ;
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my-vow ?
O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

SONG CLVI.

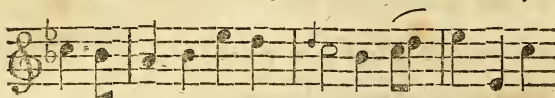
THE GALLANT SAILOR.



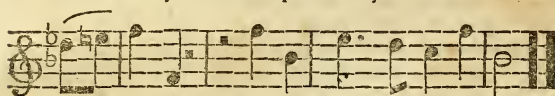
Gallant sailor oft you told me that you'd ne-ver



leave your love, To your vows I now must hold you



now's the time your love to prove to your vows I now



must hold you, now's the time your love to prove.

SAILOR.

Is not Britain's flag degraded,
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
How can sailors live upbraided,
While the Frenchmen dare to meet;
How can sailors live upbraided,
While the Frenchmen dare to meet.

N A N.

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too, never fear me,
I may weep but you must go;
I may weep, I may weep,
I may weep, but you shall go.

S A I L O R.

Though this flow'ry season woos you
 To the peaceful sports of May,
 And love sighs so long to loose you,
 Love to glory shall give way,
 Love to glory, love to glory,
 Love to glory, must give way.

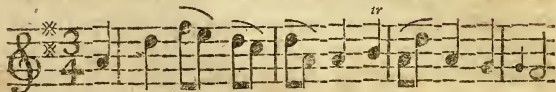
Can the sons of Britain fail her,
 While her daughters are so true;
 Your soft courage must avail her,
 We love honour loving you,
 We love honour, we love honour,
 We love honour loving you.

B O A T S W A I N.

War and danger now invite us,
 Blow ye winds, auspicious blow;
 Ev'ry gale will most delight us
 That can waft us to the foe,
 Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
 That can waft us to the foe.

S O N G C L V I I I .

O N F R I E N D S H I P .



The world, my dear Myra, is full of de-ceit,



and friendship's a jewel we sel-dom can meet.



How strange does it seem, that in searching a-



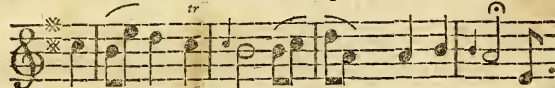
round, that source of con - tent is so rare to



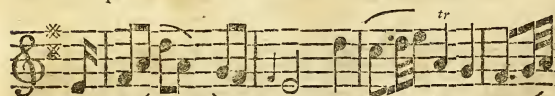
be found. O friendship, thou balm and rich



sweet-ner of life, kind pa - rent of ease, and



composer of strife, Without thee, a-las! what



are riches and pow'er, But emp-ty de - lu-



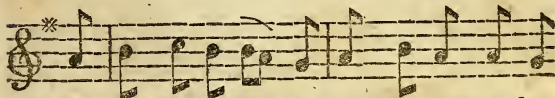
How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend ;
 Our joys when extended will always increase,
 And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling what crouds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere,
 Yet change but the prospect and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG CXLIX.

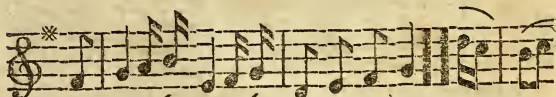
THE SEIGE OF TROY.



Proud Paris, despising fair Helen's great pomp,



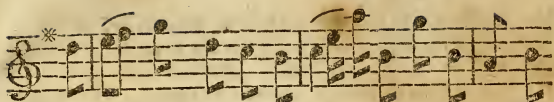
he ventur'd the foaming bil-lows to jump, for



her fa la lal de ral lal; And came



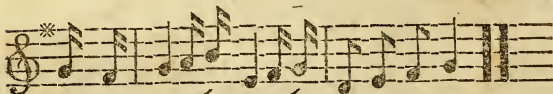
to Troy with a numerous train, whereof the great-



est part was slain, for her fa la lal de ral lal



de ral, Whereof the greatest part was slain,



for her fa la lal de ral lal.

Menelau's enrag'd at such a great loss,
With a thousand ships the ocean did cross,
For her fa la, &c.

And steer'd on his course, tho' the seas they did roar,
Queen Nell's bright charms drew his ships to the shore,
Of her fa la, &c.

Agamemnon regardless of his country's harms,
Dispatch'd to Achilles two heralds at arms,
For her fa la, &c.

But stern Achilles he threw down his shield,
And swore by his sceptre, he'd ne'er take the field
For the loss of her fa la, &c.

Ulysses renowned for prudence and wit,
He feign'd himself crazy, to stick by the butt
Of Penelope's fa la, &c.

And plow'd up the sand with an ass and a hog,
A rare pretension to keep him *in. cog.*
To manure her fa la, &c.

But Hector may curse *it*, and so may his Sire,
For *it* was the *thing*, that set Troy on fire,
Her fa la, &c.

And himself to be drag'd round the town by the heels,
At stern Achilles's chariot wheels,
For her fa la, &c.

But stern Achilles, he falling in love,
With Priam's fair daughter, which did his death prove,
Her fa la, &c.

For cunningly Paris shot him in the heel,
With a poisoned arrow made of the fine steel.
For her fa la, &c.

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms ; awake and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song ;
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay ;
 O ! bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng ;
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise :
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms,

O ! come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine :
 O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine !

SONG CLXI.

To the foregoing Tune.

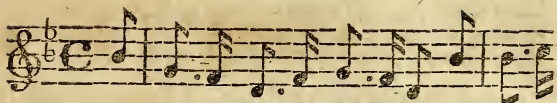
FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain and tuneful lay
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—nor longer can refrain,
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleasing flame I feel,
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again,
Where lurks my songster? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

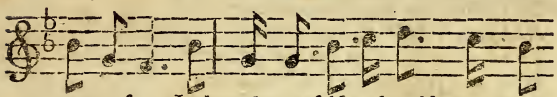
Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

SONG CLXII.

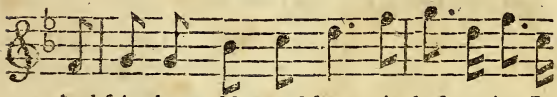
JOHN O' BADENYON.



When first I came to be a man, of twenty



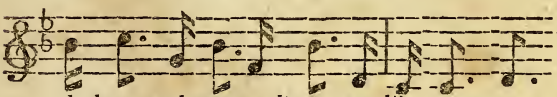
years or so, I thought myself a handsome youth,



And fain the world wou'd know, in best attire I



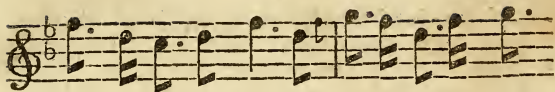
stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay, and here



and there, and every where, was like a morn



in May. No care I had, nor fear of want, but



rambled up and down, and for a beau I might



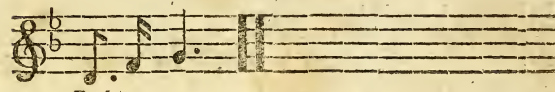
have pass'd, in country or in town; I still was



pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was alone,



I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself, wi' John o'



Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,

A mistress I must find;

For love they say, gives one an air,

And ev'n improves the mind:

On Phillis fair, above the rest,

Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,

Her piercing beauty struck my heart,

And she became my choice:

To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,

I offer'd many a vow,

And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,

As other lovers do:

But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain ;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
A honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine :
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan :
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

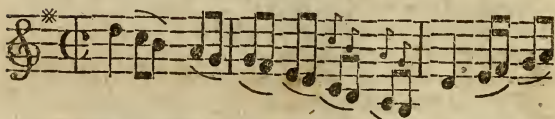
I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn ;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne :
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal ;
But 'ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd ;
'Twas self and party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne ;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely try'd to read ;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day ;
Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way :
Philosophy I now esteem'd.
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none ;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

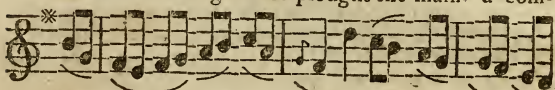
And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name ;
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me,
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree,
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where :
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

SONG CLXIII.

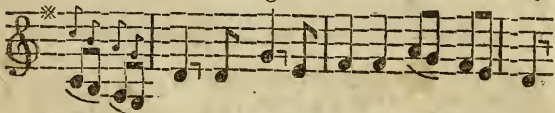
THE WAND'RING SAILOR.



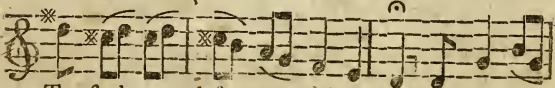
The wand'ring sailer ploughs the main, a com-



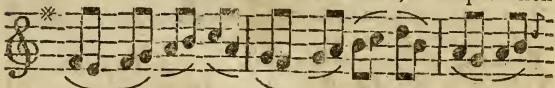
petence in life to gain, Undaunted braves the



stormy seas, To find at last content and ease,



To find at last content and ease, In hopes when



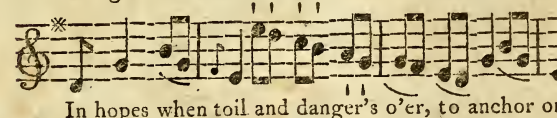
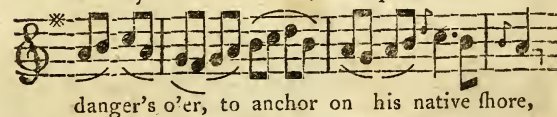
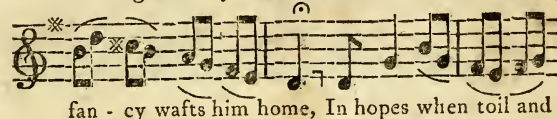
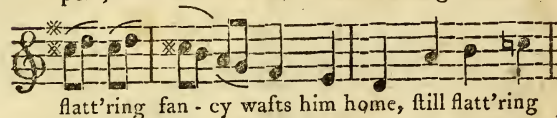
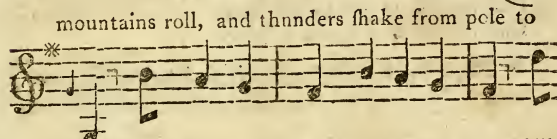
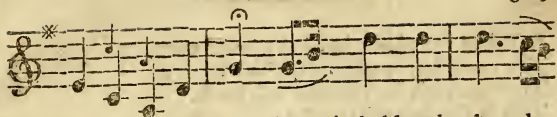
toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his



native shore, In hopes when toil and danger's



o'er, To anchor on his na - tive shore, to anchor

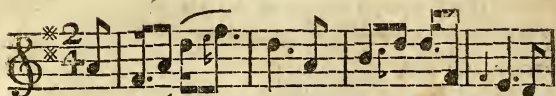


* When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast :
This is the universal toast :

May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore,
May we when toil and danger o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore,
Cast anchor on his native shore.

* *These words to be sung to the first part of the tune.*

SONG CLXIV.
HIGHLAND QUEEN.



No more my song shall be, ye swains, of



pur-ling streams, or flow' - ry plains; more pleas-



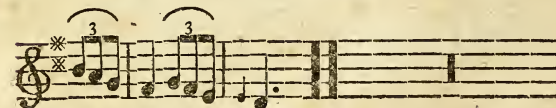
ing beauties now inspire, And Phœbus tunes



the war-bling lyre; Di-vine-ly aided, thus



I mean To ce - le - brate to ce - le - brate



my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me,
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more:
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG CLXV.

MAN MAY ESCAPE.



Man may escape from rope or gun, nay some have



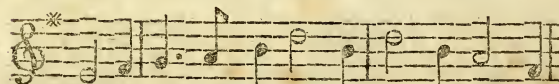
outliv'd the doctor's pill : Who takes a woman



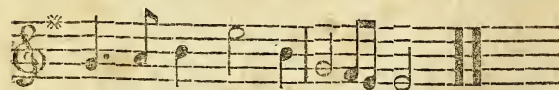
must be undone, that ba - fil - isk is sure to



kill. The fly that sips treacle is lost in the



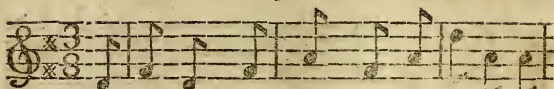
sweets, so he that tastes woman, woman, woman,



he that tastes woman, ruin meets.

SONG CLXVI.

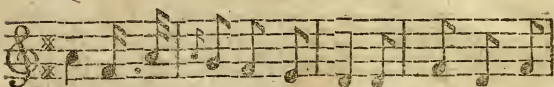
TALLY HO.



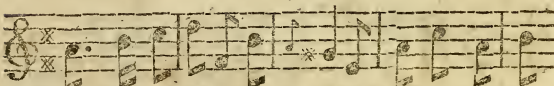
Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen



too, who delight in the joys of the field, who de-



light in the joys of the field. Mankind, tho' they



blame are all eager as you, and no one the con-



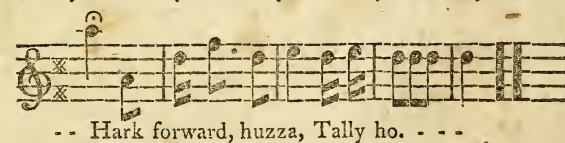
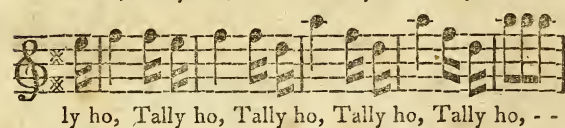
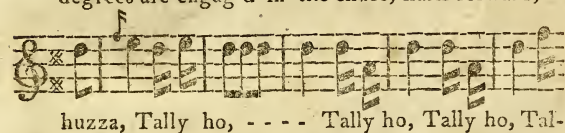
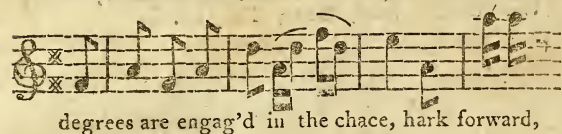
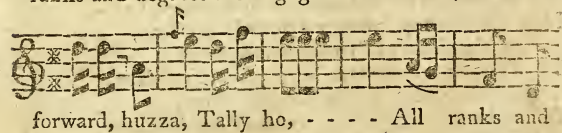
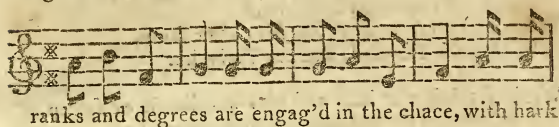
test will yield, - - - and no one the contest will

Adagio.

All°.



yield. His lordship, his worship, his honour, his



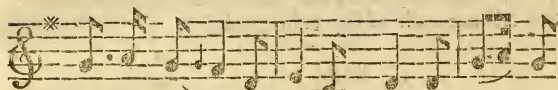
The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn
And rides to the commons full speed ;
The patriot is thrown in-pursuit of his game ;
The poet too often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down ?
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for show,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

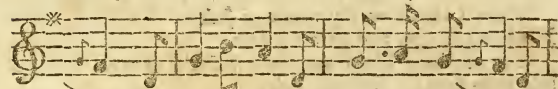
SONG CLXVII.
THE AULD GOODMAN.



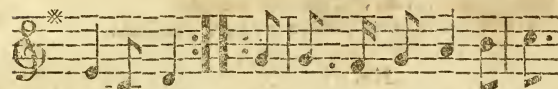
O late in an evening forth I went, a



little before the sun gae'd down, and there I



chanc'd by accident, to light on a battle



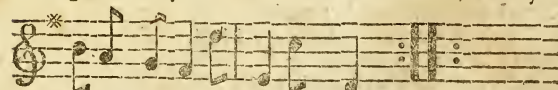
new begun. A man and his wife, was fa'n



in a strife, I can - na' weel tell you how it



began, but ay she wail'd her wretched life, and cry'd



ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

D d iij

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a filly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome John,
His blinkin eye, and gate sae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of siklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myfell,
To think on these blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well-made bed;

But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

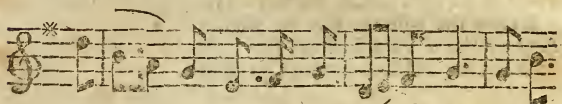
Then coming was the night fae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day ;
The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay ;
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day she wan,
And ay the oe'rword of the fray
Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman..

SONG CLXVIII.

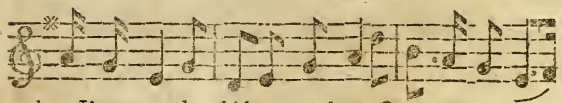
TODLEN HAME.



When I have a faxpence un-der my thumb,

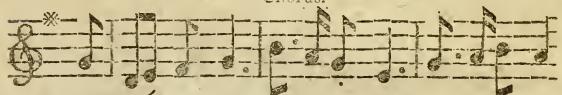


then I'll get credit in ilk a town, but ay



when I'm poor, they bid me gae bye, O poverty parts

Chorus.



good com-pa-ny. Todlen hame, Todlen hame,



O cou'dna my love come todlen hame.

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't. and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-scoups at our bed's feet ;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

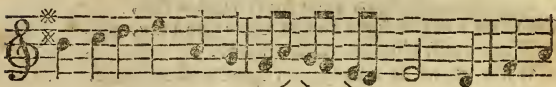
Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
When sober, fae four, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep you come todlen hame.

SONG CLXIX.

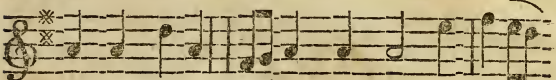
BY JOVE I'LL BE FREE.



Come, all ye young lovers, who wan with despair, com-



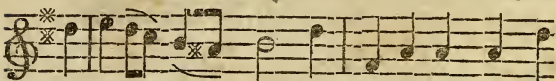
pose idle sonnets and sigh for the fair; who puff up



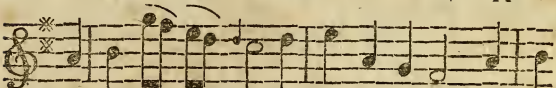
their pride by enhancing their charms, and tell them



'tis heaven to lie in their arms: be wise by example;



take pattern from me; For, let what will happen,



by Jove I'll be free, by Jove I'll be free; For, let



what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net soon was caught ;
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom has taught :
I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon ;
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.
She vow'd she was ruined ; I said it might be ;
I'm sorry, my dear : but by Jove I'll be free.

The next was young Phyllis, as bright as the morn ;
The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn ;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handsome but such as are kind.
Her pride and ill nature were lost upon me :
For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys ;
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise ;
Some choose to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
And, like birds, they sing best when they're put in a cage ;
Confinement's the devil ; 'twas not made for me ;
Let who will be bound-slaves, by Jove I'll be free.

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool.
Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee ;
For, in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

SONG CLXX.

THE CHARGE IS PREPAR'D.



The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met, the



judges all rang'd, a ter-ri-ble show, I go undismay'd



for death is a debt, a debt on demand, so take



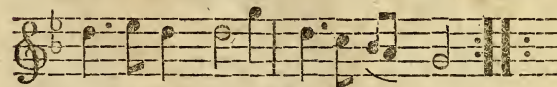
what I owe. Then farewell, my love, dear charm-



ers, adieu! contented I die, 'tis the better for



you. Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives, for



this way at once I please all my wives.

SONG CLXXI.

FAREWELL, YE GREEN FIELDS.

Moderato.



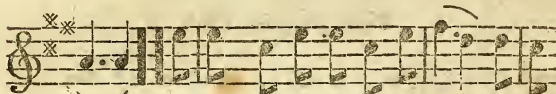
Fare-well, ye green fields and sweet groves, where



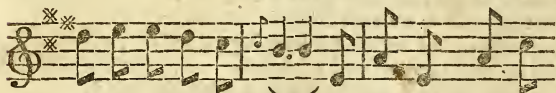
Phillis engag'd my fond heart, where nightingales



warble their loves, and nature is drefs'd without



art. No pleasure ye now can afford, nor mu-



sic can lull me to rest ; for Phillis proves false



to her word, and Strephon can never be blest.

E c

Oftimes by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lillies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Srephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear.
 But soon as she found by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then to my grief and surprise,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late to my sorrow I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast.
 Beware then, beware how ye trust,
 Coquets who to love make pretence,
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had bless'd her with sense.

SONG CLXXII.

To the foregoing Tune.

THOUGH wisdom will preach about joy, Sir,
 Truth, folly will practise as well;
 Man is simple, and life's but a toy, Sir,
 In toying it is we excel.
 Is it worth our while, for learning to toil,
 'To labour, to love, and to think,
 'Thought ne'er was design'd to trouble the mind,
 So only let's mind who's to drink.

King Solomon, (I'm not profane, Sir,)
 Was a wise, yet a whimsical one,
 He never thought any thing vain, Sir,
 'Till once that his pleasure was gone.
 He used to say, there's a time to play,
 'To labour, to love, and to think.
 Let those in their prime, remember their time,
 At present it's time we shou'd drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,
Dispassionate dulness despise,
Did you once know the pleasure of folly,
You'd ne'er be so weak to be wise.
Let the trumpet of Fame, those heroes proclaim,
Who never at Cannon-ball blink,
Let the busy in trade, be *cent. per cent. made*,
'Tis *cent. per cent.* better to drink.

Come, about with a buniper, boys, hearty,
To our king and our country, success;
Toast oblivion to envy and party,
May freedom our fire-sides bless.
Here's a health to all those, who will face our foes,
'To those who dare speak as they think,
To such sort of men, again and again,
Again and again let us drink.

SONG CLXXIII.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.



Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear, the main-



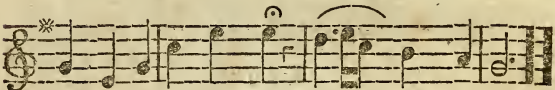
maist by the board, My heart with thoughts of thee my



dear, and love well stor'd, shall brave all danger, scorn



all fear, the roaring winds the raging sea, in hopes



on shore to be once more, safe moor'd with thee.



A-loft while mountains high we go, the whistling



winds that scud along, and the surge roaring from be-



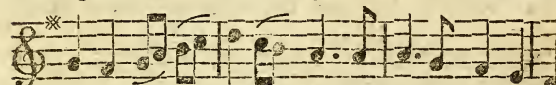
low, shall my signal be to think on thee, shall



my signal be, to think on thee, and this shall be my



Da Capo. song. And on that night when all the crew the



mem'ry of their former lives o'er flowing cans of flip



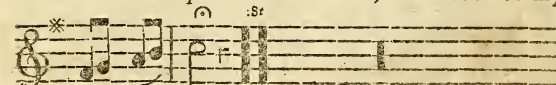
renew, and drink their sweethearts and their wives,



I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh and think on thee



and as the ship rolls thro' the sea, the burden of my



Da Capo. song shall be.

SONG CLXXIV.

RUSSEL'S TRIUMPH.

Moderato.



Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May,



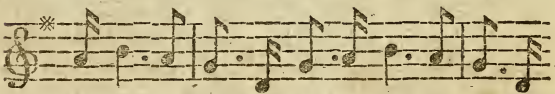
recorded for ever the famous Ninety-two,



brave Russel did discern, by break of day, the lofty



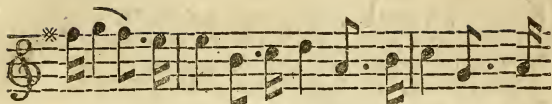
sails of France advancing too. All hands aloft,



they cry, let Bri-tish valour shine, let fly a



culverine, the fig-nal of the line, let ev'ry man



supply his gun. Follow me, you shall see, that the



battle it will soon be won, follow me, you shall see



that the battle it will soon be won.

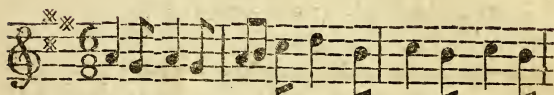
Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty streamers now no more:
 At six o'clock, the red, the smiling victors led.
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow:
 Now death and horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run and die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

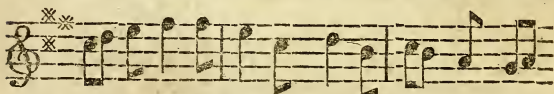
See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate,
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
 Enough, thou mighty god of war :
 Now we sing, bless the King !
 Let us drink to every British Tar.

SONG CLXXV.

OLD SLY HODGE.



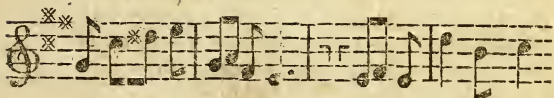
Curtis was old Hodge's wife, for vir-tue none was



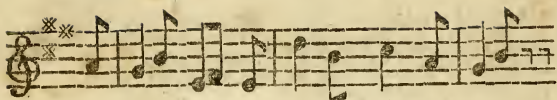
e-ver such, she led so pure so chaste a life,



She led so pure so chaste a life, Hodge said it



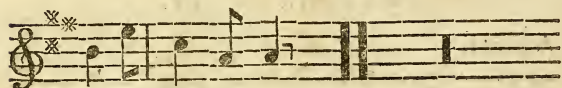
was vir - tue e-ver much. For says sly old Hodge



says he, For says old fly Hodge says he,



Great talkers do the least d'ye fee, great talkers



do the least d'ye fee.

Curtis swore if men were rude,
 She'd pull their eyes out, tear their hair;
 My dear says Hodge, you're wondrous good,
 My dear says, &c.
 However let us nothing swear,
 For says fly old Hodge, &c.

One night she dream'd a drunken fool,
 Be rude in spite of her, wou'd fain,
 She makes no more than with joint stool,
 She makes no more, &c.
 Fell on her husband might and main,
 Still says fly old Hodge, &c.

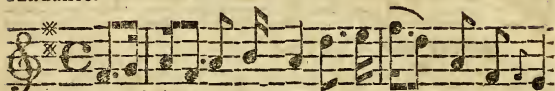
By that time she had broke his nose,
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife,
 Oh! Hodge says she, judge by these blows,
 Dear Hodge, &c.
 I prize my virtue as my life,
 But says fly old Hodge, &c.

I dream'd a rude man on me fell,
 However I his project marr'd,
 Dear wife, says Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 Dear wife says Hodge, &c.
 But next time, don't hit quite so hard,
 For says old sly Hodge, &c.

SONG CLXXVI.

MY DEAR JOCKEY.

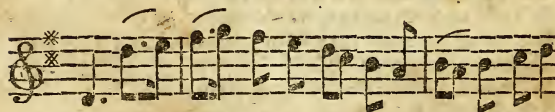
Andante.



My laddie is gone far a-way o'er the plain,



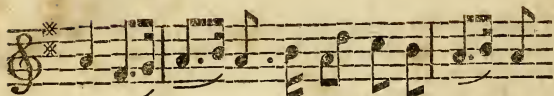
While in for-row behind I'm forc'd to re-



main, Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,



Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the



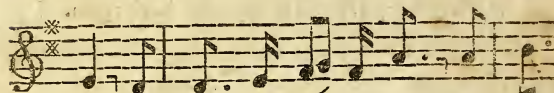
thorn, No pleasure they give me, in vain they



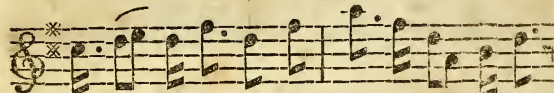
look gay; there's nothing can please now, my Jockey's



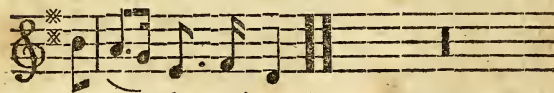
away. Forlorn I sit finging, and this is my



strain, Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, Haste, haste,



my dear Jockey, Haste, haste, my dear Jockey,



to me back a-gain.

When lads, and their lasses, are on the green met;
 They dance, and they sing; and they laugh, and they
 chat;
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee:
 I can't without envy, their merriment see!

Those pastimes offend me ; my shepherd's not there :
No pleasure I relish, that Jockey don't share.

It makes me to sigh ; I from tears scarce refrain,

I wish my dear Jockey,

I wish my dear Jockey,

I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again,

But hope shall sustain me ; nor will I despair :

He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here.

On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast ;

For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.

Then, farewell, each care ; and, adieu, each vain sigh :

Who'll then be so blest, or so happy, as I ?

I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,

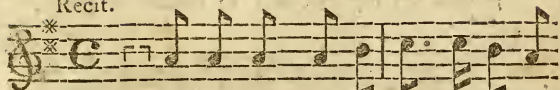
When Jockey returns,

When Jockey returns,

When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG CLXXVII.
BANKS OF THE TWEED.

Recit.



As on the banks of Tweed I lay re-



clin'd, beneath a ver - dant shade, I heard a



found more sweet than pipe or flute, fure more en-



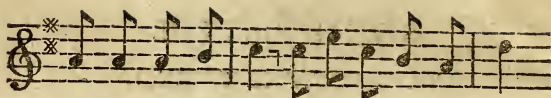
chanting was not Orpheus' lute ; while list'ning and



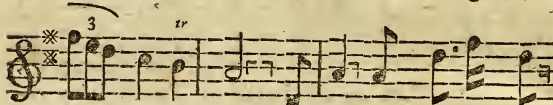
amaz'd, I turn'd my eyes, the more I heard,



the greater my surprise. I rose and follow'd,



guided by my ear, and in a thickset grove,



I saw my dear, unseen, unheard, she thought,

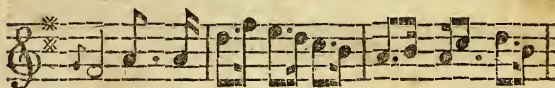


thus sung the maid.

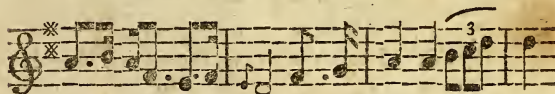
Air.



To the soft murm'ring stream I will sing of my



love, how de - light - ed am I, when a-



broad I can rove, to in-dulge a fond pas-



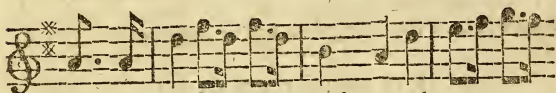
sion for Jock-ey my dear, when he's absent



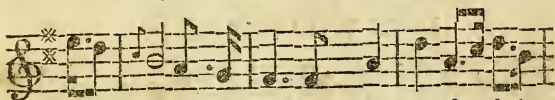
I sigh, but how blythe when he's near, 'tis these



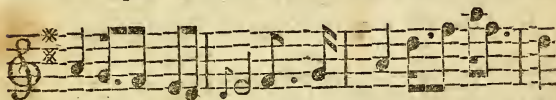
rural a - muse - ments de-light my sad heart ;



come away to my arms, love, and ne - - ver



de - part, to his pipe I could sing, for he's



bon - ny and gay, did he know how I lov'd



him, no long - er he'd stay.

Neither linnet or nightingale sing half so sweet ;
And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat ;
It so ravish'd my heart, and delighted my ear,
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.

She, surpriz'd, and detected, some moments did stand;
 Like the rose was her cheek, and the lilly her hand,
 Which she plac'd on her breast, and said, Jockey I fear
 I have been too imprudent : pray, how came you here ?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed, and the groves, I did stray :
 But, my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft' have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love, if you'd be my bride ?
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
 Where the knot of affection shall tie the fond pair :
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
 And will bless the dear grove, by the Banks of the Tweed.

SONG CLXXVIII.

DE'IL TAK' THE WAR.



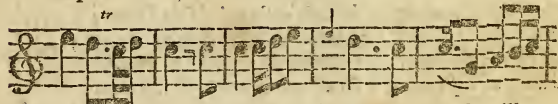
De'il tak' the war, that hur-ri'd Wil - ly frae me,



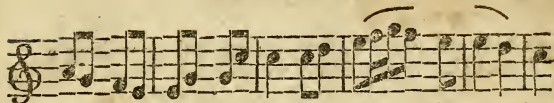
who to love me just had sworn, they made him



captain sure to un - - do me, wae is me, he'll



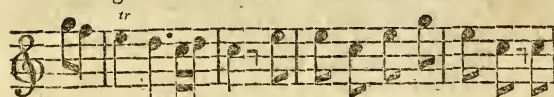
ne'er re-turn, a thousand loons a - broad will



fight him, he from thousands ne'er will run, day



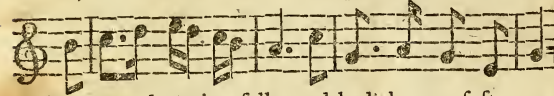
and night I did in- - vite him, to stay safe



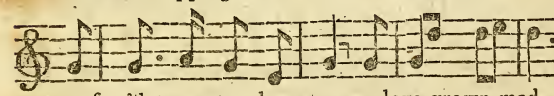
from sword or gun. I us'd alluring graces, with



muckle kind embraces, now sighing, now crying,



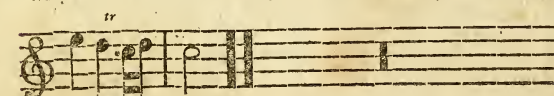
then tears dropping fall ; and had' he my soft arms



pre-ferr'd to wars alarms, my love grown mad,



without the man of Gad, I fear in my fit I had



granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
My love well might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lads was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and silk hose garter'd o'er the knee;
But, oh! the fatal thought,
To Billy these are nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

SONG CLXXIX.

Tune—*My sheep I've forsaken*—Page 292.

AH Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
'There sigh for my charmer, and long to return;
'The fields all around are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away;
'The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—
But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
'These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
'These looks, where bright love, like the sun sits enthron'd,
And smiling diffuses his influence round;
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd,
'Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

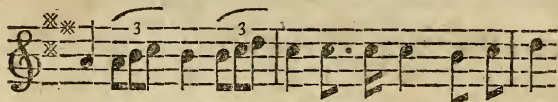
Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to despair;
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be blest'd.

SONG CLXXX.

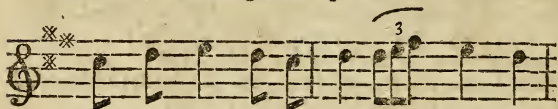
JOVE IN HIS CHAIR.



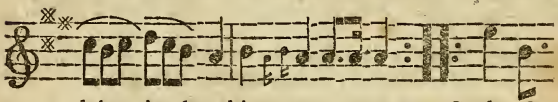
Jove in his chair, of the sky lord mayor, with



his nods men and gods keep in awe; when he winks



heaven shrinks, when he speaks hell squeaks earth's



globe is but his ta - - w. Cock of



the school, he bears despotic rule, his word tho'



absurd, must be law, even Fate, tho' so great, must



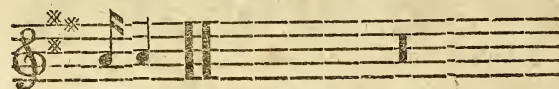
not prate his bald pate, Jove wou'd cuff, he's



so bluff, for a straw, cow'd de-i-ties, like mice



in cheefe, to stir must cease, or gna - -



... W.

SONG CLXXXI.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU.



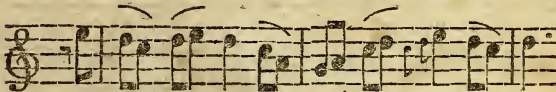
How happy's he, who e'er he be, that in his



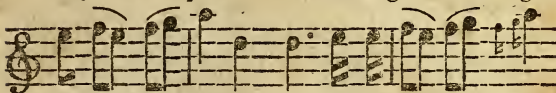
lifetime meets one true friend, who cordially does sym-



pathise in words, in ac-ti-on, heart, and mind.



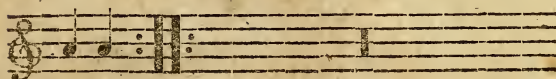
My kind, respects do not ne-glect, although



my wealth or fate be small, with a melt-ing heart,



and a mournful eye, I beg the Lord be with



you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
For time invites me for to move ;
On your poor servant lay commands,
Who is ambitious of your love.
He—whose pow'r and might, both day and night,
Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
To sun and moon gives course of light,
Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
Your memory I'll not neglect ;
On that record I'll lay arrest,
Hell's fury shall not alter it.
All I desire of earthly bliss,
Is to be freed from guilt or thrall ;
I hope my God will grant me this :
Good-night, and God be wi' you all.

F I N I S.





